

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CINEMACTOR  
WILLIAM HOLDEN

\$6.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXVII NO. 9

# Dine, Dance, Dream your way to Europe

You're there in 5 gay days of fun  
and relaxation on the world's  
fastest liner **S.S. UNITED STATES**



Your seagoing playground is 5 blocks long, 12 stories tall. "Space and quiet when you want it," say Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barry, Jr. on the UNITED STATES. "Fun and friendly talk, too. You can feel your nerves unwind!"



Accent on space indoors, too. Mr. Maurice Newton, member of Board, Paramount Pictures, and Mrs. Newton relax in their suite on the UNITED STATES. Air-conditioned throughout. Every stateroom has its own climate control.



Dance... dream to the smooth rhythms of a Meyer Davis orchestra. There are three on each ship. Here, in the ballroom of the S.S. AMERICA, Miss Lynn Corington of Lake Forest, Illinois enjoys a happy combination of mood and music.



## S.S. UNITED STATES

Sails from New York 12 noon: Mar. 6\*, Mar. 22\*, Apr. 7\*, Apr. 23, and regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre early morning 3th day, Southampton, same afternoon. First Class \$220 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$122 up.  
\*Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day.

## S.S. AMERICA

Offers extra hours of leisure at sea. Sails from New York Feb. 29, Mar. 25, Apr. 14, May 9, and regularly thereafter. 3 1/2 days to Cádiz, 6 1/2 to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. First Class \$252 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$152 up.



Silver, sparkling crystal, snowy linen add a festive touch to gourmet food as the Countess Floride Constantinesco dines aboard the S.S. UNITED STATES. Cuisine is Continental and American—delightful and delicious.



World's fastest liner, the UNITED STATES clipped hours off previous speed records: "We cross in her four times a year, consider her the finest liner afloat," say author Gene Markey and Mrs. Markey, of Calumet Farms.

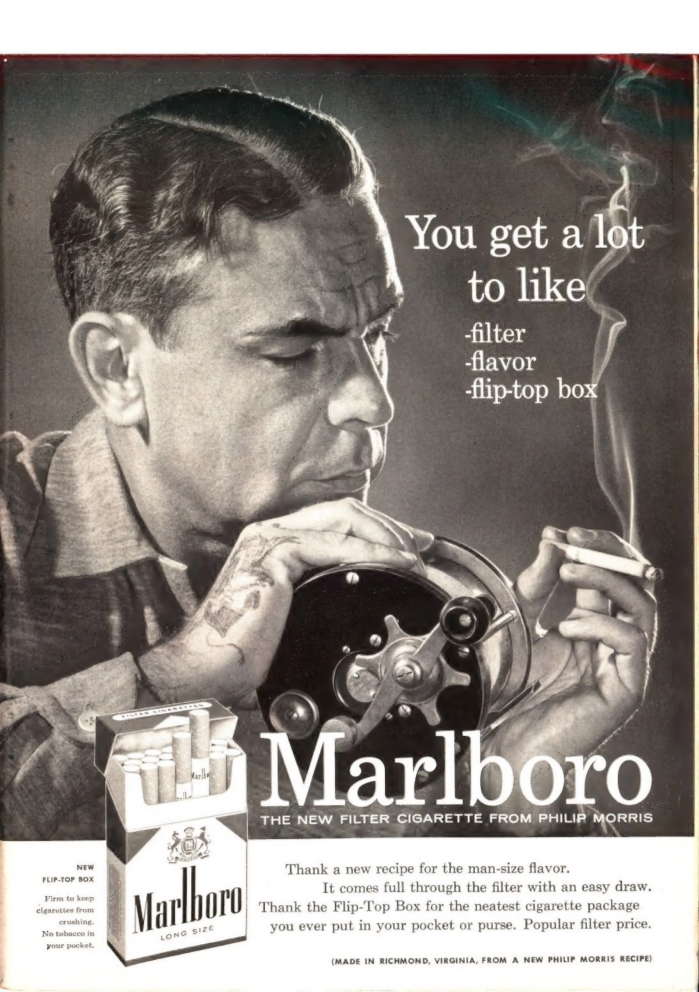
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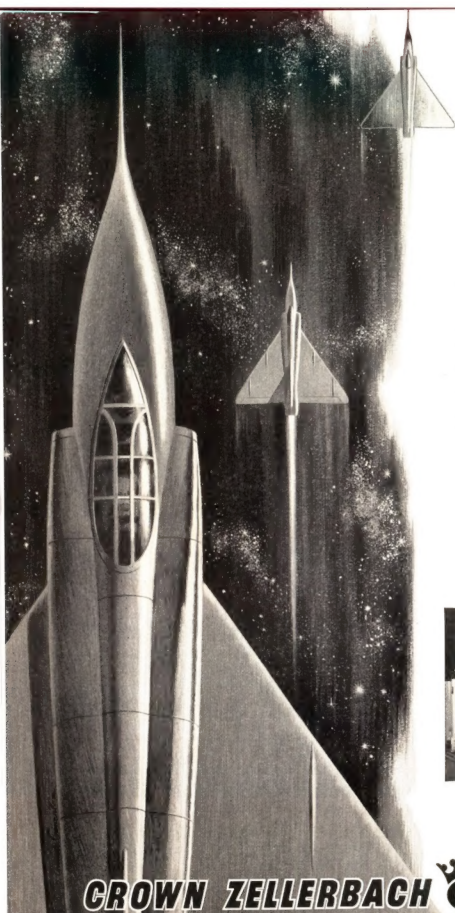


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crushing.  
No tobacco in  
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Thank a new recipe for the man-size flavor.  
It comes full through the filter with an easy draw.  
Thank the Flip-Top Box for the neatest cigarette package  
you ever put in your pocket or purse. Popular filter price.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW PHILIP MORRIS RECIPE)



## **Paper armor that guards an eagle's heart**

In the heart of a turbo-jet is an intricate electronic governor. This precision assembly is safely shipped to the aircraft factory in a custom-designed container, fashioned of sturdy paperboard.

Such paper packaging plays a vital role in our mass production, mass consumption economy. To move industrial and agricultural products from one place to another, America uses annually more than 140 billion paper containers, boxes and shipping sacks.

And the dynamic growth of America's economy may well double the demand for such versatile paper packaging over the next 20 years.

Crown Zellerbach, through its Gaylord Container Division, is now a national supplier of packaging materials. We are expanding production to meet the nation's growing packaging needs... paper to safeguard anything from frozen foods to, perhaps, the electronic heart of a rocket ship for exploring outer space.

**GREATER PRODUCTIVITY  
IS THE KEY TO PROGRESS**



*Gaylord containers are tailored to special needs. The heavy-duty Drumpak, for example, is widely used for shipping major appliances, bulk chemicals and many other products.*

# **CROWN ZELLERBACH**



Paper and Other Forest Products

San Francisco 19



# LIBERTY MUTUAL

*The Company that stands by you*



## Trouble at home means trouble at work

THE employee who is worried and emotionally upset about troubles at home is a candidate for an accident. Likewise, if he's unhappy about his job, he's apt to be an unsafe worker. Liberty Mutual believes that one of the functions of an *in-plant medical and health program* is to help emotionally upset employees. An important part of Liberty's new medical program is the assistance available to policyholders for establishing proper *in-plant medical and health procedure*. This begins with hiring and placement and extends throughout employment. Liberty's conception of *in-plant medicine* is bigger than first aid — and does more to reduce compensation costs.



**YOUR IN-PLANT MEDICAL PROGRAM** is set up by a staff of specialists from Liberty who can help you select, train and advise your medical personnel. Liberty's medical and health program pays off in lower costs for compensation insurance.



**YOUR INSURANCE DOLLAR WILL GO FURTHER** if you fit each worker to his job. Liberty's proved technique of pre-placement and periodic exams helps to create more efficient workers, to prevent accidents and to reduce absenteeism.



**INSURANCE FOR:** AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME



LONG RETIRED to the souvenir shelf are the old Jack Daniel's earthen crocks and elegant glass-stoppered decanters...but not the very, very special Tennessee whiskey they once held. Today, a man can still pour Jack Daniel's, unchanged in its rareness, from the square bottle with the old-fashioned black label...still enjoy the only whiskey "Charcoal Mellowed," drop by drop, before aging. Rich, full-bodied, *real* whiskey. "Charcoal Mellowed" to the rare smoothness you've always hoped to find. We invite you to try it.



"CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED"  
DROP  
BY  
DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE  
Distilled and Bottled by JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY  
LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.



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WHEN IT MEANS BUSINESS...IT'S WISE TO WIRE

# Elegance In Chicago



The superb cuisine in Chicago's two showplace restaurants – the Pump Room of the Hotel Ambassador, and the College Inn Porterhouse of the Hotel Sherman – are your surest guide to equally superior hotel accommodations. This unique concept is symbolized by the white-turbaned coffee-boys in the Pump Room of flaming sword fame, and by the full-blooded Indian Chief who attends you in the College Inn Porterhouse. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

On the Grill Coast...

THE HOTEL

**Ambassador**

NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE  
TELEPHONE: SUPERIOR 7-7200  
TELETYPE: CG 1955

In the Loop...

HOTEL

**SHERMAN**

RANDOLPH, CLARK & LASALLE STREETS  
TELEPHONE: FRANKLIN 7-2100  
TELETYPE: CG 1397

## Brazil and the Future

SIR: DEEPLY APPRECIATIVE COVER STORY IN LAST ISSUE [Feb. 13] OF YOUR BRILLIANT MAGAZINE WHICH REVEALS PERCEPTIVE ANALYSES OF CURRENT PROBLEM AND GOALS TO BE PURSUED BY MY GOVERNMENT, I ATTACH FUNDAMENTAL IMPORTANCE TO THE ROLE OF A FREE AND WELL INFORMED PRESS IN STRENGTHENING GOOD WILL AND UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN OUR COUNTRIES AND REGARD THE TIME STORY AS A RECOGNITION OF THE GROWING IMPORTANCE OF BRAZILIAN PROBLEMS IN THE WORLD PICTURE. IT IS A VERY DEFINITE CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS BRINGING TO THE ATTENTION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THE ASPIRATION OF MY GOVERNMENT AND ITS PURPOSE TO ACHIEVE WITHIN A DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE A BETTER AND PEACEFUL FUTURE FOR THE BRAZILIAN PEOPLE.

JUSCELINO KUBITSCHEK

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

## NATO's Gruenther

SIR: As one of the men serving in the NATO command... the feeling of just what we are doing here often arises in all of us; your informative Feb. 6 article certainly clarifies our position and gives one a feeling of confidence to know that a man like General Gruenther is running the show.

Spec. /3c STEVE GRAFOS

U.S. Army

Heilbronn, Germany

SIR: As for Gruenther, I can't help feeling the following lines (from *The Pirates of Penzance*) suit him to a T:

*I am the very pattern of a modern major general,  
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral,  
I know the kings of England, and I quote  
the 58th historical,  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order  
categorical...*

N. LEWIS

New York City

## SACLANT's Wright

SIR: I enjoyed your story on NATO, but why is NATO's other Supreme Commander (SACLANT) so consistently ignored? I do not doubt the importance of SHAPE, or the great abilities of General Gruenther, but Admiral Jerauld Wright, U.S.N., as Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, is responsible

for NATO's defense of the vast 12 million square miles of ocean that separate Europe from America.

SAMUEL H. P. READ JR.

Commander, U.S.N.

Chief of Public Information, SACLANT  
Norfolk, Va.

¶ Admiral Wright indeed keeps the sea legs of NATO steady from his SACLANT headquarters at Norfolk – as TIME's map showed.—Ed.

## No Hands for Adlai

SIR: YOUR FEB. 13 "DUEL IN THE SUNSHINE" FAILED TO REPORT KAUFEVER HAD NO TV TIME, THEREFORE COULD ENJOY BEING "INTERMITTED" 43 TIMES BY APPLAUSE. WE WHO ARE FOR STEVENSON ARE SMARTING UNDER THE TREMBLING COSTS OF BROADCASTING RATES, KNOWING OUR MAN SELDOM MAKES HIS TIME ALLOTMENT BECAUSE OF ENTHUSIASTIC INTERRUPTIONS... WE WANT ADLAI STEVENSON TO BE PRESIDENT, AND WE WOULD SIT ON OUR HANDS FOR DAYS IF IT MEANT THAT MORE PEOPLE COULD HEAR THE UNINTERRUPTED VOICE OF AMERICA'S FUTURE.

MERCEDES MCCABRIDGE

DEL AIR, CALIF.

## Mencken's Mark

SIR: Your Feb. 6 article on the late H. L. Mencken was excellent. Very erudite people probably will always go on recognizing him as a literary genius, but from your account, and others, I think he must have been a rude, discourteous smart aleck.

PAUL B. WATLINGTON JR.

Orange, Va.

SIR: As a 25-year-old daughter of the Lost Generation, I thank you for the article. I feel more strongly than ever that the force causing my generation to join churches, nurse our babies (indeed, have them at all!) and raise little vegetable gardens in our subdivision rectangles is not nearly so much dread of The Bomb as retreat from the dank void of Godless intellectualism that shrouded us Depression babies, and that Mencken symbolized.

PHYLLIS JOHNSON DAVENPORT  
Williamsburg, Va.

SIR: Your comments on Mencken must have been anticipated by many, but few of us could have expected such a perceptive and

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February 27, 1956

Volume LXVII  
Number 9

TIME, FEBRUARY 27, 1956





## The '56 Chevrolet



*It looks high priced—but it's the new Chevrolet "Two-Ten" 4-Door Sedan.*

## For sooner and safer arrivals!

Of course, you don't have to have an urgent errand and a motorcycle escort to make use of Chevrolet's quick and nimble ways. Wherever you go, the going's sweeter and safer in a Chevy.

Power's part of the reason. Chevrolet's horsepower ranges clear up to 205. And these numbers translate into *action* . . . second-saving acceleration for safer passing . . . rapid-fire reflexes that help you avoid trouble before it happens!

True, lots of cars are high powered today, but the difference is in the way Chevrolet *handles* its power. It's rock-steady on the road . . . clings to curves like part of the pavement. That's *stability*—a matter of build and balance that helps make Chevrolet one of the few great road cars!

Highway-test one, soon. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to arrange it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER





Paradise Beach in Nassau, The Bahamas



## Nassau—next-door neighbor by **OVERSEAS** Telephone Service

If you are out of the country this winter—on vacation or business—discover the thrill of talking with family and friends back home by Overseas Telephone Service.

There's no more personal way to share the news of your trip . . . to simply keep in touch with those you miss . . . or let someone know when you'll return.

Calling overseas costs much less than most people think. And it's easy to do. Your first call will show you how satisfying it can be.

**Note to businessmen:** Your customers abroad are as near as the telephone on your desk. Why not try Overseas Telephone Service? It's personal and it's two-way, like a face-to-face visit.

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Washington, D. C., to Bermuda . . .	56
New York to Bahamas . . .	\$750
New Orleans to Jamaica . . .	\$750

These are the rates for the first three minutes, not including the 10% federal excise tax. To many countries, lower rates apply on Sundays or at night.

BELL SYSTEM **OVERSEAS** TELEPHONE SERVICE



even compassionate tribute to the first endorsed American critic. The intellectual maturity of a people is confirmed by the simple existence of such men, and Mencken alone may be responsible for the atmosphere that your staff inhales to such rare effect.

C. W. WHEATLEY

West Point, N.Y.

Sir:

H. L. Mencken is gone and I am glad, for his sake, that he is. Men of his ilk cannot live in the stifling atmosphere of modern democracy.

J. E. AUSTIN

Windsor, Ont.

Sir:

Mencken's popularity would never have waned had not the present generation become excessively neurotic about name-calling.

CORDELLA P. KENDALL

Towson, Md.

Schnooks & Schmos

Sir:

Your Feb. 6 article "Poor Schnook" is in poor taste and not worthy of your magazine.

CLARE SILVER

Brockton, Mass.

Sir:

Re Sol Randall: two better synonyms for "schnook" would be (1) jerk, and (2) schmo.

SHIRLEY E. RIKKEND

University City, Mo.

Sir:

Fall to Sol Randall, iconoclast, philosopher, non-seeker after the ranking deity of the U.S. Success Sol correctly senses the utility of making a success out of marriage with a social-climbing, materialistic female, so he faces the breakup without regret.

The ills that beset the Randalls can be found to a greater or lesser degree in so many U.S. marriages and in Volaine's edict: "No money, no sex."

GORDON SMITH

New York City

Sir:

The dreary marital vicissitudes of the "vacantly beautiful" Volaine Randall and her equally vacant husband prove at least one thing—that they probably deserve each other.

MRS. DOUGLAS R. SPITZ

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

TIME is the poor schnook for tripping on the curbstones of Central Park West; such matters are better left in the hands of Herman Wouk.

DAVID ROSENFELD

Los Angeles

Snooking the Schnook

Sir:

Permit me to footnote your footnote on the etymology of "schnook." Schnook is probably a corruption of snook, a Middle English word for sniff, smell or search out. In Australia, a species of barracuda is a snook.

The phonetic change from the "n" to the "sh" sound is contemporary and popular as shmo, schmilch, sham. Synonyms are glop, hmo, jerk, goot, sad sack, "Marty," poor fish.

LOUIS A. TROMBETTA JR.

Carmel, N.Y.

Low Down on the Farm

Sir:

Mr. Murrow's sob story on TV about the death of a small farm was interesting, but even more so was your priceless epilogue.

# NOW...HOT BEVERAGES and ICE CUBES...

with this New Hot 'n Cold Water Cooler!



**Think of it**—a single water cooler that gives all three! Piping hot water for instant beverages. Delightfully cold water for drinking—and now! Two full trays of ice cubes in a roomy, refrigerated compartment that's big enough to keep bottled drinks, packed lunches, or *practically anything*—cold and safe!

**Controls the Coffee-Break!** Today thousands of office and factory workers enjoy a muss-free, fuss-free coffee-break on the spot with a new Oasis Hot 'n Cold. Serving piping-hot water for instant beverages, the Hot 'n Cold is the quickest, most economical way of controlling the coffee-

break. There's no more going out or sending out for coffee. Actual case histories prove you can save thousands of dollars a year in lost time.

Here's more news! Now you can get freshly sealed, self-service envelopes of instant coffee; chocolate; beef, vegetable and chicken broth; Pream; sugar; cups; spoons and other supplies from your Oasis distributor or direct from Ebco.

**Mail Coupon for the Facts . . .** Let us send you documented evidence that the Hot 'n Cold is saving big money for users and prove what it can do for you. Learn about the new models.



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# Now! *Change-Over* to the New "Imported Silks"... by Florsheim



Florsheim stylists foresaw the style swing to silk—and planned, for Spring and Summer, the longest and finest line of silk shoes to be seen anywhere! Of course, ordinary silk would not do—the silks in Florsheim Shoes are not only imported—they're woven to Florsheim specifications to look sleeker, feel lighter, and wear longer!

The DANNY, 8-1657:  
three-velvet blucher in black calf and gray  
silk combination.



Florsheim Shoes

\$17.95 and higher



wherein Mr. Peterson's relatives state that "he just sold out because he thought he could do better in California, and they like it fine so far" [Feb. 6]. Could it be that this is the Murrow method of discrediting the Eisenhower farm program?

IRENE GOODWIN

Upperco, Md.

Sir:

I couldn't see any purpose served by your article except to infer that Ed Murrow was deliberately attempting to distort the situation . . .

MERRILL G. FARRELL

Farmington, Conn.

Sir:

Fancy Ed Murrow being such a babe in the wood! He made Ezra Benson look the hero—something Mr. Benson hasn't been able to do for himself recently . . .

E. P. OLSON

Arexle, Wis.

Sir:

I am confident that Secretary Benson understands the basic farm problem and its solution, but feel that his comments on the Murrow broadcast were very misleading. Low-income farmers are not being driven off the land by foreclosures when they can sell out at alltime peak prices; they are leaving, as shown in the Murrow telecast, of their own free will, to take their profits on land prices and find more profitable employment. It is through this migration of surplus low-income farmers to more profitable and useful employment . . . that the farm problem of surplus production and low prices will be solved.

C. EDWIN HILL

Seattle

Sir:

Your handling of the agricultural issue is positively unfair . . . I hear this farm situation discussed pro and con 20 times a day, and I haven't the answer to our trouble, but I do know that partisan reporting will only harm us. Delve into this deal a little deeper. You'll find Ed Murrow knew what he was talking about.

MARVIN C. REHBEIN

Vail, Iowa

## Rebel Yells (Contd.)

Sir:

In the North we have a long, long way to go in the unshackling of our prejudices, but thank God we're still not in the rock-throwing stage, but those participating students at Alabama University would do better in their studies and have a better chance of success in their chosen fields if they forgot about Miss Autherine Lucy [Feb. 20] and opened their books to the assigned pages. All of them might make a stronger American if they would eat their cukes, leave the rocks in the garden, and direct their animosities toward the real threat of Communism.

L. A. WHITAKER

Denver

Sir:

May I, a Southerner, congratulate Time on its fair treatment of the integration problem as expressed by the insight shown in your past three issues. We are, I fear, on the brink of a considerable amount of difficulty in the days ahead; most of the conscientious members of our society are at a loss as to ready solutions. Your articles will go far in giving an appreciation of our problem to those outside the South.

WILLIAM F. STRAIT  
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Valdosta, Ga.

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women





# Most Unusual Rent in Town

Now You Can Apply the Rental Payments  
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Here's your opportunity to let the new Gray Audograph V prove that it's America's finest dictating machine — before you purchase the equipment.

You can rent this combination recorder-transcriber for 1 to 3 years — with an option to buy at any time you wish — for only \$15.45 a month. That includes complete dictation accessories and guaranteed maintenance.

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Z-2



# Memo to a heavy smoker

Choosing your cigarette brand is more than just a casual decision.

So we think you'll be interested in the chart shown here. The figures, verified by an impartial research laboratory, reveal this fact:

*There's less nicotine by far in the smoke of King Sano—less tar, too—than in the smoke of any other filter cigarette.*

And there's a special reason for this.

King Sano doesn't depend on a filter tip alone to screen out nicotine and tar. The makers of King Sano go a lot further. They filter the tobacco, too—to reduce nicotine and tar even before the cigarettes are made.

The result is a truly superb smoke—and one that tastes every bit as good as it is.

Try King Sano for a change, and see if you don't agree.

Nicotine and tar in the Smoke of All Leading Filter Cigarettes

Brand	Nicotine (mg.)	Tar (mg.)
KING SANO	0.6	11.8
Brand A	1.5	16.5
Brand B	1.6	17.2
Brand C	1.6	24.1
Brand D	1.7	25.2
Brand E	1.8	20.6
Brand F	1.8	22.8
Brand G	2.0	22.4
Brand H	2.3	19.4
Brand I	1.9	19.3
Brand J	2.0	22.3
Brand K	2.1	22.8

These are the results of a continuing study by Spillwell & Glodding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.



Change for the better—  
Filter Tip

## KING SANO

Less Nicotine By Far—  
and less tar!

A PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

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will he be the "kid who left school"...to whom doors are closed even before he begins?



or a boy who's sure of getting off to a good start in life, whatever happens!

## What would happen to your youngster ?

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Beautifully designed, KitchenAid under-counter models are available in glistening Stainless Steel, glowing Antique Copper, White or, by dealer arrangement, your choice of color. Free-standing portable or combination sink models are available in All-White Enamel.



Look at these advanced Hobart features  
 ...spacious wash chamber...Hobart  
 revolving power wash action...unique  
 new stainless steel dual strainer system  
 ...sanitary, self-cleaning circular sump  
 ...large capacity sliding cushion-coated  
 racks...five compartment silver basket.



## *Beautiful! I'm so glad you chose* **the New KitchenAid®**

She got the results *because* he got the facts. He found that the three most important things in a dishwasher were washing, rinsing and drying. And on these three points KitchenAid tops them all.

You can wash an entire dinner service, even pots, pans, soup ladles and large spatulas. You don't even pre-rinse! Even the toughest, dried-on foods disappear with ex-

clusive Hobart power washing action... and the separate motor and hot-air blower-fan dry everything to sparkling perfection. Gravity-drain, automatic pump-out and portable models are engineered for easiest service, lowest cost installation. For information, write Dept. KT, KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio, Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

# KitchenAid®

The Finest Made...by



World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines





## DANIEL WEBSTER VISITS JAMES CROW'S DISTILLERY

The great orator unhesitatingly pronounced his friend Crow's Kentucky whiskey

*"the finest in the world"*

# OLD CROW

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey*

Pioneer James Crow was proud of the patronage of Webster, Clay and other celebrated men of his day. Today, millions more everywhere hold Old Crow in the same high esteem, for they recognize and acclaim it as the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.

**NOW IN A Milder  
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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Promise of Spring

In south Georgia the piney woods were green, yellow forsythia buds were breaking open, and the camellias—pink, red and white—were in full glory. The buoyancy of spring was on the land, and Dwight Eisenhower, fresh in from Washington, was a man eminently in tune with his environment. From the moment he stepped out of the *Columbine* at Moultrie at midweek, the President's progress was reminiscent of the heady days of the 1952 campaign.

Standing up through the open roof panel of his black Chrysler Imperial, Ike enthusiastically acknowledged the cheers of the crowds that gathered at every populated spot along the 43 miles from Moultrie to Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's plantation. At the Atlantic Coast Line tracks in Thomasville, a train engineer gave a long salute on his whistle, and Dwight Eisenhower, looking every inch a candidate, waved delightedly in reply.

**Full Report.** Part of the President's renewed buoyancy unquestionably stemmed from the clean bill of health he had got from his doctors. The day before the President started his Georgia vacation a panel of six doctors gave a press conference a full report on his latest physical examination. Presidential Physician Major General Howard Snyder led off with a flood of technical talk: "This cardiovascular examination revealed no physical abnormalities other than those associated with the scar in the heart muscle," said he. The two-centimeter (about 4-in.) scar was "well-healed," blood pressure has been stable, circulation excellent, and the President has suffered neither shortness of breath nor anginal pains.

All this was translated into more pertinent language by the famed heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White: "We believe that medically the . . . President should be able to carry on an active life satisfactorily for another five to ten years." Under persistent questioning White made it clear that by "an active life" he meant the presidency, with all its burdens.

**Full Bag.** With the doctors' verdict in, Ike had headed off to Georgia to consult his own feelings—a process that, he warned two weeks ago, would influence his decision more than any medical report. For relaxed self-analysis it was hard to imagine a more suitable spot than George Humphrey's appropriately named plan-



Photo: Associated Press

#### IKE IN GEORGIA

More than the birds went out on a limb.

tation, "Milestone." The chief products of Milestone's 600 acres are quail and wild turkeys, and the plantation's main attraction is its hunting.

Within 10 minutes of his arrival Ike, who had brought two shotguns\* with him, was out with Humphrey in a hunting wagon. Accompanied by eight pointers, the two men rolled through the piney woods to the hunting area, where the dogs soon flushed two coveys of quail. Ike fired at both—and missed. (Next day the President was sighted in; he shot a full day's bag of twelve birds, grinning: "It's a funny thing . . . All the birds started to cooperate.")

**"A Little Frightened."** Ike turned from hunting to his first love—golf. At Thomasville's Glen Arven Country Club, the President, undeterred by a drizzle, played a nine-hole round for the first time since his heart attack. Moving from hole to hole in an electric cart, Ike shot a 47. (Par for the nine: 36.) His long shots were ragged—he was obviously reluctant to hit down into the ball—and as he left the course he remarked: "I'm a little frightened, not only of the strokes, but also I'm a little frightened of myself." (Said Gen-

eral Snyder: "Of course, the President is a little concerned . . . You're longer getting over the psychological factor [of a heart attack] than you are the physical.")

Even in the relaxed atmosphere of a south Georgia spring, however, Ike managed to get some work done. In between hunting and golfing, the President dealt decisively with the natural gas bill and wrestled with the question of arms shipments to the Middle East (see below). Concerned by the plight of Western European nations currently suffering one of their worst winters in recent years, Ike also announced that the U.S. stood ready to rush surplus agricultural commodities to the blizzard-stricken areas. Presumably, too, he was still thinking toward a decision on the second term issue. But as the week rolled on politicians and newsmen alike were becoming convinced that the decision was a foregone conclusion. A poll of White House correspondents who had made the trip to Georgia showed that 16 out of 20 believed that Ike would run. (Six weeks ago, at Key West, eleven out of 14 thought that he would not run.) In Washington, House Minority Leader Joe Martin was ready to go all the way out on the limb, flatly predicting: "Come March 1, the President will say, 'I shall accept the nomination.'"

\* Ike's guns: a Belgian .410 over-and-under and a double-barreled 20-gauge Winchester.

## The Gas Blast

As President Eisenhower was leaving the Glen Arven golf course at noon, Press Secretary James Hagerty told him that his message vetoing the natural-gas bill was ready for distribution to newsmen. Said the President: "I guess that will knock the golf off the front pages." That afternoon the press took front-page notice of Ike's return to golf, but it was his pointed, seven-paragraph veto message<sup>a</sup> that won the banner headlines and spun editorial writers in their swivel chairs.

**Defiant Arrogance.** "I am unable to approve [the gas bill]," the President wrote. "This I regret because I am in accord with its basic objectives." But "since the passage of this bill, a body of evidence has accumulated indicating that private persons, apparently representing only a very small segment of a great and vital industry, have been seeking to further their own interests by highly questionable activities. These include efforts that I deem to be so arrogant and so much in defiance of acceptable standards of propriety as to risk creating doubt among the American people concerning the integrity of governmental processes . . . I believe I would not be discharging my own duty were I to approve this legislation before the activities in question have been fully investigated by the Congress [see below] and the Department of Justice."

Some type of legislation "conforming to the basic objectives" of the gas bill is still needed to encourage "initiative and incentive to explore for and develop new sources of supply," he wrote. But he made it clear that, on its next time around, this particular measure could stand some improvement. Said he: "I feel that any new legislation, in addition to furthering the long-term interest of consumers in plentiful supplies of gas, should include specific language protecting consumers in their right to fair prices."

**Changed Opinions.** Obviously, a gas lobbyist's \$2,500 offer to South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case (Tim, Feb. 20), along with other indications of high pressure generated by gasmen, had put a moral stigma on the bill and on the way it was passed, as far as the President was concerned. Before the Case case broke, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, whose advice carries great weight with the President, was urging Ike to sign.

Post-Case several Cabinet officers, including Humphrey, argued for a veto; so did some top White House aides. Meanwhile, Republican congressional leaders (all of whom had voted for the bill) trooped to the White House to urge the President to sign the bill on its merits—and then issue a statement deriding the gas lobby tactics. Eisenhower indicated that he would have no part of such a shilly-shally solution (and shortly after-

ward started drafting his veto message). Back on Capitol Hill, the G.O.P. legislators warned the bill's Democratic supporters to get ready for the worst.

**Deflated Issue.** When it came, Oregon Democrat Richard Neuberger was the first to break the news to the Senate. Grabbing a hold-for-release text of the veto message from the A.P. wire, he strode onto the floor and read it off (thereby breaking the 2 p.m. release time). Political radarscopes began blipping wildly. "I'm dancing a jig," cried Republican Senator Alexander Wiley, who bases his



WISCONSIN'S WILEY

Others glanced nervously toward home.

hopes for re-election in gas-consuming Wisconsin on his opposition to the bill. Then Wiley left the chamber literally to perform his jig for photographers.

Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright, co-author of the bill, cried that Ike was "insinuating that the Senate was subverted." Ohio's Republican Senator George Bender rose in bellowing defense of the President, crashing his meaty fist upon the desk with such force that a jugsboy darted forth to rescue a nearby glass of water. Some Northern Republicans, e.g., New Hampshire's Styles Bridges and Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, who had voted for the bill, looked nervously toward their gas-consuming constituencies to watch how the voters would react to Ike's charge of impropriety.

**Damaged Credit.** In gas-producing Texas (where some forewarned gasmen were ready with mimeographed statements criticizing the veto even before it was issued), Republican leaders despaired of delivering the state for a G.O.P. presidential candidate in the November elections. Attorney General John Ben Shepperd proclaimed that he would attempt to nullify the veto by preparing an interposition resolution of the sort being used against school desegregation.

The veto was a body-shaking blow to Texas' Lyndon Johnson, Senate majority leader, and Sam Rayburn, House majority leader, who had used up much of their credit with congressional Democrats by pushing the gas bill through—and could never dream of mustering the votes to override. Because the bill had been managed by Democrats, Ike's veto was sure to dull the Democratic attack on the G.O.P. as the party of "big business." Acutely aware of this, Democrats responded by accusing the President of sharp politics: the gas bill veto came not from lofty motives, they cried angrily, but rather meant that Dwight Eisenhower had decided to run for re-election.

## THE CONGRESS

### Eyes on the Lobbies

The U.S. Senate reacted to the gas bill uproar by heading full steam toward an investigation of lobbying activity that will probably run through the summer and cost half a million dollars. Most likely to conduct the hearings: Tennessee's Democrat Albert Gore, chairman of the Privileges and Elections Subcommittee. Last week Gore's three-member subcommittee voted itself a broad franchise calling for a "study of contributions to election campaigns in federal elections and such evidence of corrupt practices as may be revealed." High on Gore's agenda are investigations of lobbying by gas and oil men, by the steel and automobile industries and by labor unions.

Gore pushed ahead with his plans while Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson, who had hoped to avoid an all-out gas-lobbying inquiry, was in Texas, resting up at his ranch on the banks of the Pedernales River. Gore cleared his project with on-the-spot Democratic brass, e.g., Acting Majority Leader Earle Clements and Georgia's Senator Walter George, who had presided over the Case hearings. Then without waiting for a by-your-leave from Johnson, Gore gave public notice of his plan to make his subcommittee the Senate's searching eye.

That there would be plenty to look at was indicated by the political waves already spreading from the \$2,500 cash gift from Superior Oil Co. Lobbyist John Neff to South Dakota's Republican Senator Francis Case, which Case rejected. Item:

☛ Joe McCarthy, badly hurt in Wisconsin—  
 ☛ At week's end, Coronary Victim Johnson returned to Washington to enter the Bethesda Naval Hospital for a checkup. Doctors reported his progress "has been very satisfactory."

<sup>a</sup> The President has used his veto power 34 times; 26 times to kill general legislative items; 8 times on private bills covering damage claims by individuals against the Government.

by his vote for the gas bill, found it necessary to explain a \$2,000 contribution he received in 1952 from a man named N. B. Keck. Joe professed uncertainty as to whether his donor was the H. B. Keck who is president of Superior Oil, but said that, in any event, "I assume he was contributing because of my fight against Communism."

¶ Donald R. Ross, U.S. attorney for Nebraska, spent eight days on the Justice Department griddle in Washington, returned to Omaha, resigned, Ross had arranged interviews for Lobbyist Neff with Nebraska's Republican Senators Carl Curtis (a member of Gore's subcommittee) and Roman Hruska, both of whom voted for the gas bill.

¶ Nebraska Republican Finance Chairman Joseph S. Wishart revealed that Lobbyist Neff had contributed \$2,500 to G.O.P. funds in his state. Wishart said he had questioned Neff's motives at the time ("When I saw he had this handful of money, there was penalty flags down all over the field for me"), but had finally accepted the donation. Explained Wishart: "I didn't think he could be a lobbyist. He kind of had a cloak-and-dagger attitude. It seemed to me that the poor devil had \$2,500 he was trying to do anything to get somebody to take."

With that sort of material as a starter, the lobbying investigation promised well to become the year's liveliest.

## Work Done

¶ The Senate confirmed the appointment of Homer Ferguson, former G.O.P. Senator from Michigan and now U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines, to a \$25,000-a-year position on the Court of Military Appeals, highest military appeals tribunal. Also confirmed was Robert Bowie as Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning. Predicted Senate opposition to Bowie collapsed when he denied that, as director of State's Policy Planning Staff, he had advocated admission of Red China to the United Nations.

¶ Alarmed by reports that the Administration is yielding to pleas from Britain to ease East-West trade restrictions, the Senate's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee opened hearings on the current state of trade with the Communist bloc. In its line of questioning, the subcommittee made plain that its target will be Presidential Assistant Harold Stassen, who, as director of the Foreign Operations Administration, approved a general relaxation of controls.

¶ In an attempt to get off the hook on the pending Powell amendment (which would bar segregated school districts from funds under the \$1.6 billion school construction bill), eight Democratic Representatives wrote President Eisenhower requesting his promise that the Administration would not allocate funds to districts that refuse to desegregate. White House Administrative Assistant Bryce Harlow last week replied that the President has no plans for issuing any such statement of intentions.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Tanks for the Saudis

For three embarrassing days last week U.S. policy on the highly critical Middle East was in turmoil—for all the world to see.

The uproar began when an anonymous tipster spotted 18 light (25 tons) Walker Bulldog tanks loading aboard the freighter *James Monroe* in New York Harbor. Destination, plainly marked: Saudi Arabia. The tipster telephoned the United Press; the U.P. finally got the State Department in Washington to confirm the shipment, and printed the story. Cried the Israeli embassy: "Utterly beyond our comprehension." Within hours, Israel's friends in the Senate were in full cry. Their argument was a strong one: 1) the

facilities at Dhahran. The U.S. was slow to fulfill its side of the bargain. Last April the Saudis specifically asked to buy 18 light tanks. Six months later the State Department approved the Saudi purchase. In the midst of the furor, Saudi Arabia's Ambassador Sheikh Abdullah Al-Khayyal pointed out that his country had already paid for the tanks (\$135,000 each) and therefore held legal title. Overhanging the whole issue was the fact that the Dhahran agreement expires next June 18 and must be renegotiated.

After Assistant Secretary of State George Allen had heard out the complaints, Acting Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. checked again with Ike at Thomasville. Then the U.S. executed a fast about-face. The U.S., said Hoover, would lift the arms embargo and let the



LOADING SAUDI ARABIA'S TANKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR  
Three embarrassing days.

dispatch of tanks to Arab nations violates the declared U.S. policy of discouraging an arms race in the Middle East; 2) tanks for the Saudis put a strange light on U.S. delay in fulfilling Israel's four-month-old request to buy U.S. arms.

About 11 p.m., Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty caught the news at Thomasville, Ga. After a hurried conference with the President, he got correspondents out of bed for a special conference.

"A consignment of 18 light training tanks was about to be shipped to Saudi Arabia," said Hagerty grimly. "The President understands that the State Department is suspending export licenses of arms to that area." The State Department promptly did just that.

Next day, as State began to fill in the details, it appeared that the Saudi Arabians also had a strong argument. In June 1951, the U.S. undertook to sell the Saudis some military equipment and also to train their army, in return for air base

tanks go through—on the theory that the tanks would not endanger the peace of the Middle East. "Utterly beyond our comprehension," Israel's embassy reiterated. The U.S. might fairly conclude of the week's display of off-again-on-again diplomacy that it was also utterly without forethought.

### For Long-Range Aid

A voice of authority spoke out last week for more U.S. economic aid to the world's underdeveloped countries "regardless of what the Russians do." Said the Committee for Economic Development, in a 49-page report on behalf of its 150 businessmen and educators: "More active U.S. participation in developing underdeveloped countries is needed not only to protect our vital immediate interests; it is needed also to help the underdeveloped countries build the kinds of societies with which the West can live in cooperation and peace in the long run."

Big obstacle to development, the C.E.D.



reported, is shortage of capital. To encourage U.S. private investment, C.E.D. joined the clamor for lower corporate taxes on overseas earnings of U.S. firms (a proposal that the Eisenhower Administration has already urged on Congress). Since Government aid would still be necessary, C.E.D. endorsed the principle of loans rather than outright grants, "devoted mainly to the creation of basic economic facilities such as transportation and development of water resources." Such economic help, along with technical assistance, said the report, "is now one of the main channels through which the West can keep in contact with the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America . . ."

As the report was issued, C.E.D. Chairman James D. Zellerbach, president of Crown-Zellerbach Corp., added a personal postscript: "I don't think a billion dollars a year is too much to earmark for this economic aid job. Certainly it is not a sum which the \$400 billion U.S. economy cannot take easily in its stride . . . We should be interested in working with these peoples over a continuing period of time, helping them build up their countries instead of going in only to offset the Russians . . . That way we'll build up a great deal more good will . . ."

## REPUBLICANS

### Suspense

All across the U.S., Republican organization leaders lived in a state of hopeful suspense. They were sure that Ike would run—but what if?—oh, they were sure that he would run. Asked what his organization was doing in this tense period, Michigan's Republican State Chairman John Feikens spoke for the brethren everywhere: "We're praying—that's the first thing we're doing."

Amid the prayers there was some rustling in the church. In Manhattan Vice President Richard Nixon was the honor guest and principal speaker at the black-tie Lincoln Day Dinner of the National Republican Club. Nixon seized the occasion for the highest-powered G.O.P. attack on the leading Democratic presidential candidates to date, Adlai Stevenson, Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver and New York's Governor Averell Harriman are "three candidates in search of a crisis," said he. Then, singling out Front Runner Stevenson, Nixon added: "Unless he changes his present course, it will begin to look as if the state which gave the nation Abraham Lincoln, the great rail-splitter of 1860, has produced in Adlai Stevenson the great hair-splitter of 1956."

**An Echoing Phrase.** But it was another phrase in Nixon's speech that riled his perennial Democratic enemies and nettled Republican friends too. Outlining the Eisenhower Administration's accomplishments ("Prosperity without war, full employment outside of uniform, and security without regimentation and control"), Nixon spoke of great gains in civil rights. Said he: "And, speaking for a

unanimous Supreme Court, the great Republican Chief Justice, Earl Warren, has ordered an end to racial segregation in the nation's schools." Northern Democrats soon charged that Nixon was dragging the high court into politics; Southern Democrats cried that his statement proved the school decision was political. The New York Times's even-handed pundit Arthur Krock, who praised Nixon's "otherwise well-documented account" of the Administration's accomplishments, wondered why the offending phrase had been allowed to appear in a carefully prepared text.

In the wake of Nixon's statement there rose another wave of speculation (mostly by journalists and Democrats) that Eisenhower, if he runs again, might drop Nixon from the ticket. Next question: If not Nixon, who? In Washington, as guest of



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON

Amid the prayers, some rustling in church.

honor at a National Press Club lunch, Massachusetts Governor Christian A. (for Archibald) Herter (TIME, Feb. 20) was asked: "Would you accept No. 2 place on the ticket?" Pointedly, Herter replied: "I would like to be excused from answering that. The President is entitled to have the man he chooses . . . Dick Nixon is a good friend of mine."

**"Knowing the Eisenhowers . . ."** Of all Republican presidential hopefuls, none was in more suspense than California's U.S. Senator William Fife Knowland. After the favorable report on Eisenhower's health, Knowland relaxed his unofficial pre-convention campaigning somewhat, but did nothing to discourage the entry of his name in several state primaries, e.g., Minnesota, Illinois. Knowland's was a difficult stand; he wanted to be running full speed if the President said no, and sitting in the cheering section if the President said yes.

Meanwhile, the Republicans were get-

ting precious little organization work done. Des Moines G.O.P. Leader Allen Whitfield voiced the general attitude when he said that his organization was "treading water until we hear from Ike." Said Colorado's Republican State Chairman Edgar Elliff: "To do anything before then would simply be like jumping up and down in the same place." But in Manhattan the revived National Citizens for Eisenhower organization was busily appointing new state chairmen and assuring them that the President will run.

At a Republican dinner in El Centro, Calif. (for Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson) an attorney from Tacoma, Wash., offered the G.O.P. some special words of assurance. Said Edgar Eisenhower, brother of Ike: "Knowing the Eisenhowers and the way their minds work, I think he will run. I believe he hasn't finished his job, and until he does finish the job, he'll stay on."

## DEMOCRATS

### The Candidate Thaws Out

Adlai Stevenson halted his political tour of the Northwest long enough for a two-day breather last week at snowbound Timberline Lodge on the slopes of Washington's Mt. Hood. On his last day he and five friends ventured out for a quick tour of the area in a Sno-Cat tractor. Half a mile from the lodge, the tractor suddenly crashed over the brink of a 35-ft. snow canyon, turned completely over, dented its aluminum top and landed on its tracks on a snowbank. By great good luck, nobody was scratched.

Later, on his way back to Seattle, Stevenson was marooned on the mountainside when his car stalled. By the time he had walked back to the lodge again, his right ear was painfully frosted. The next morning, at Seattle's Boeing Field, his plane screamed to a stop on the runway as it was bowling toward a take-off. Back to the hangar rolled the plane, with a defective engine, and Stevenson transferred to another airliner. By that time, said an aide, "the governor was taking odds we'd never make it."

**Higher Spending.** Despite the hazards the candidate picked up steam as he traveled. In Kennewick, Wash. he lashed out at the Republican claim of curbing inflation and restoring economic stability to the country. "Which arrested inflation must—the Truman Administration, which reduced the national debt \$12 billion in six years," he asked, "or the Eisenhower Administration, which has increased it \$12 billion in three years? Should they boast about reducing expenditures when nondefense spending under Eisenhower is higher than at any time under Truman and the total cuts have been at the expense of national defense?"

In Boise, Idaho, after Vice President Nixon had claimed G.O.P. credit for the Supreme Court's desegregation decision (see above), Adlai shifted his fire to the Democrats' favorite target, Nixon, he said acidly, "is an all-purpose politician who



ADLAI STEVENSON (LEFT) & DISABLED SNOW-CAT; WITH OREGON'S WAYNE MORSE<sup>20</sup>  
Out of snowbanks and frostbite, thunderclaps and steam.

can proclaim an old Democratic program as good when it wears a new Republican label, and denounce it as socialism at the same time." In Salt Lake City he said "Warren is no more a Republican Chief Justice than the seven members who were appointed under previous Administrations are Democratic Justices. These nine men jointly performed their duty according to their consciences and convictions as judges and as interpreters of our Constitution when they reaffirmed the principle of genuine equality for all our citizens. . . . That was a judicial act, an American act, and I say it is deeply disturbing to find a high public official, the Vice President of the United States himself, treating it as a partisan act."

"Hatchetmen Smear." To a thunder-clap of applause Stevenson declared that "Main Street cannot prosper while the back country is in trouble." On the outlook for peace: "We are spending \$40 billion a year for peace, and there is none. Our situation is more perilous than ever. . . . While the President smiles, the hatchetmen smear; while the President talks earnestly of peace, the Secretary of State brandishes the bomb and threatens atomic war."

As Stevenson's oratory warmed, so did his audiences. By the end of the week he was packing them in and leaving them cheering. From all appearances the week that began in a snowbank wound up with the candidate not only well-haved out, but glowing brighter than he had at any time thus far in his 1956 campaign.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Gains Below the Line

In the 1952 presidential election, Dwight Eisenhower polled 48.9% of the major party vote cast in the Democratic "Solid South." Since then, the Administration has been responsible for—among

other Negro-rights measures—pushing desegregation in the armed forces, integrating the District of Columbia schools, backing the Negro plaintiffs in the cases that brought the basic Supreme Court school desegregation decision of May 1954. In view of that performance, and with the civil rights issue in an inflammatory stage, how does Ike stand below the Mason-Dixon line now?

Last week the Gallup poll announced a remarkable answer to that question. Pitting Eisenhower against Stevenson in 13 Southern states,<sup>21</sup> Gallup found that 56% like Ike, 40% are for Stevenson and 4% are undecided. Eisenhower's percentage was a big gain over his vote in 1952. It was also well above the biggest popular vote that a G.O.P. candidate for President ever got in the South: Herbert Hoover's 52% over Al Smith in 1928.

### Campaign by Sponsor

Georgia's ex-Governor Herman Talmadge averages four speeches a week to civic and business groups, makes countless public appearances as president of the politically potent University of Georgia alumni association, conducts a weekly TV panel show, *Georgia Spotlight*, under a local tire company's sponsorship. But for all his activity, Talmadge has been uncommonly coy about making his long-expected announcement of candidacy for the U.S. Senate against Walter F. George. Some Georgians, in fact, have begun to ask if Herman really means to run.

The answer is yes. His reasons for delay are partly financial: as an avowed candidate, Talmadge would have to meet expenses for setting up headquarters, hiring a secretarial staff—and buying his

own television time. But Talmadge is in the race to the finish. During a recent speaking trip to South Carolina's Clemson Agricultural College, he confided to a small group: "I've been running for the last six months."

### Off to the Race

In the eyes of fellow Kentuckians, Thurston B. Morton has many political assets. He is tall (6 ft. 2 in.) and handsome. He is a seventh-generation member of a distinguished Kentucky family. He was a successful businessman (Louisville's Ballard & Ballard flour mills, now owned by Pillsbury), performed admirably in his three terms in the U.S. House of Representatives, has since been valuable to the Eisenhower Administration as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of congressional liaison. But Thurston (rhymes with Houston) Morton also has a statewide political handicap in historically Democratic Kentucky. He is a Republican.

Last week Morton decided that this was just the season to overcome his handicap. He resigned from the State Department and announced that he would run for the U.S. Senate seat now held by Democrat Earle Clements. Morton's hopes were based on the feud between Clements and Governor "Happy" Chandler (*TIME*, Feb. 20) and on the possibility that Dwight Eisenhower may lead the Republican ticket this year. Whether Ike runs or not, he got Morton off to a running start with a blue-ribbon resignation-acceptance letter. Wrote Ike: "You have not only earned the profound respect of your colleagues throughout the Executive Branch, you have confirmed the high regard of those members of Congress with whom you served."

<sup>20</sup> Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

<sup>21</sup> In three-wheeled Messerschmitt runabout, en route to Democratic dinner in Portland.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Friends of China

In Seattle last week, 640 leading citizens sat down to feast on mandarin chicken, pineapple chicken, Cantonese beef, steamed rice in lotus leaf, *jai choy* and other triumphs of Chinese cuisine. Occasion for the feast: New Year's celebration of the Chinese year 4654—the Year of the Monkey. It was also the 40th anniversary of Seattle's China Club, a remarkable example of the American penchant for voluntarily organizing for a high purpose—in this case for Sino-American friendship.

"I wish to say how grateful my countrymen and myself feel toward the club," said the guest of honor, Chinese Ambassador V. K. Wellington Koo, "for its magnificent contribution toward our common

that "Seattle is becoming a household word for fairness and friendliness."

¶ Beginning in 1910, the club won the cooperation of Seattle's leading industries in underwriting 25 unique annual scholarships for Chinese students who would come to the city for vocational and in-plant study. Later the club prodded the state legislature into granting 50 (now 100) scholarships at the University of Washington and Washington State College for deserving students from friendly nations.

¶ In 1930 the club established the Peng Yu (Friend) Club to serve the growing number of Chinese students and faculty members at the University of Washington.

¶ In the late 1930s the club sounded one of the first alarms against shipment of U.S. scrap iron to Japan: in 1938 it dramatically began picketing Japanese ships

forcible deportation of 350 Chinese nationals. Seattle was the only Pacific Coast city where such violence was successfully halted. In 1916 the late Julian Arnold, a lifelong friend of China and onetime commercial attaché in the U.S. embassy in Peking, visited Seattle and asked if there was any interest among the city's top citizens in forming an organization to promote Sino-American friendship. A group of 27 leaders from Seattle's professional and business communities responded to Arnold's challenge. The first president of the China Club was the venerable Thomas Burke, a former Chief Justice of the Washington Territory Supreme Court, who, as a private in the home guard, had helped fight off the mobs in 1886.

**Dying Words.** The club carried on without question of its mission until 1948, when, in the midst of the Red conquest of China's mainland, the worried members met to consider whether or not they should disband. Lew Kay, 62, an American of Chinese parentage and the first Chinese graduate of the University of Washington (1909), rose to plead for going on. "Of course many fellow Americans find it difficult to grasp what is happening in China today," he said. "All the more reason why we, who know the importance of free China, should keep up our work. To abandon it is to abandon our own conscience." He paused, clutched his chest and fell dead of a heart attack.

Kay's last words marked a rededication of the China Club. Since the Communist invasion, the members have pressed for financial help for more than 4,000 Chinese students in the U.S., and for mass relief and resettlement of refugees in Hong Kong and Formosa. Membership in the club is working with the state Grange and the congressional delegation to sponsor a trip to Formosa by a group of Washington State farmers.

At last week's dinner, the members of the China Club looked forward to the day when the Chinese people will regain their freedom and their country, and looked back on the dedicated years of their organization. Member Harry O. Mitchell recalled how a few years ago he had changed his calling cards, substituting the Chinese characters *Mei Chung* for the syllables of his name, *Mit Shell*. Later he discovered that the characters had another meaning, which fittingly symbolized the whole club. In Chinese *Mr. Mei Chung* means *Mr. America China*.

## THE SOUTH

### A Word for Principle

While the South still rumbled volcanically at points where desegregation stresses ran deepest (see EDUCATION), the federal courts were moving toward the goal of integration with judicial impersonality, just as the Supreme Court knew they would. In ruling on a test suit filed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, three judges (all Louisianians) in the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans



ANTI-CHINESE RIOT IN SEATTLE (1886)  
A small band stood off the mob.

cause." And from Formosa there was a cable from Chiang Kai-shek, expressing gratitude for the China Club's "continued sympathy and support for our fight against Communist aggression." Added the Generalissimo: "We treasure such friendship and support."

**Reception Room.** The warm praise was not lightly given, nor was it a mere anniversary charity. Looking backward, the members of the China Club could count up many solid achievements for their hands-across-the-sea movement. Items:

¶ Over the years the club has greeted 15,000 students and other transient Chinese entering the U.S. through Seattle and nearby Victoria, B.C. "We saw we were running the country's reception room," says Clinton S. Harley, the owner of a Seattle cemetery. People in China saw it, too. As long ago as 1918, Dr. Hsin Yen, who had been Education Minister in the last days of the Manchu dynasty, noted

loading scrap on the Seattle waterfront. Recalls Harley: "The staid gentlemen in our membership walked side by side with left-wing fringe groups who happened to be taking the same position at the time."

¶ For years the club was a front-runner in the fight for repeal of the Chinese Exclusion laws. When an act of repeal was finally voted by Congress, it bore the name of the club's longtime ally in the capital, Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson. To the victory celebration in Seattle's Chinese community, Chiang Kai-shek sent another message: "All Chinese deeply appreciate your removing us from the stigma of exclusion . . . It is worth 20 divisions to me in morale."

Seattle, the closest U.S. port to China, has always had a more friendly understanding of its transpacific neighbor than most West Coast communities. As long ago as 1886, when anti-Chinese riots convulsed the West, a small band of Seattle citizens stood off a mob and prevented the

last week held that Louisiana's segregation laws are unconstitutional; they further held that the schools of the city of New Orleans must be desegregated "with all deliberate speed."

In rendering the decisions, Judge J. Skelly Wright added a profound contribution to the great debate. Said he: "The problem of changing a people's mores, particularly those with an emotional overlay, is not to be taken lightly. It is a problem which will require the utmost patience, understanding, generosity and forbearance, and from all of us, of whatever race. But the magnitude of the problem may not nullify the principle. And that principle is that we are, all of us, free-born Americans, with a right to make our way unfettered by sanctions imposed by man because of the work of God."

## THE ADMINISTRATION Staying Power

In January 1953, when Engine Charlie Wilson unhappily agreed to divest himself of his General Motors stock and took office as Secretary of Defense, Washington wisecracks gaily dismissed him as an incurable case of foot-in-mouth disease, freely predicted that he would be the first man out of the Eisenhower Cabinet.

Last week, speaking to the annual White House Conference of Mayors, Charlie Wilson jokingly told his audience: "Talking about your possible trip through the Pentagon, I would like to warn you about one thing—if any of you get lost you're liable to find that you've got a job." The point Wilson was trying to make was that he, like the rest of the Cabinet, has had great difficulty in keeping able assistants from ditching Government service for private business. But Engine Charlie's little joke drew reporters' attention to another point. Now in his 37th month as Secretary of Defense, Wilson, despite his early bobbles, has outlasted all of his top civilian assistants but one (Truman-appointed Budget Expert Wilfred J. McNeil), has held office twice as long as any of his predecessors.<sup>2</sup>

## LABOR Heaviest Sentence

Convinced by uncontested evidence of his Communist Party membership, a Denver jury two months ago decided that Maurice E. Travis, ex-secretary-treasurer of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, had perjured himself by filing the non-Communist affidavits required of union leaders by the Taft-Hartley Act. Last week, up for sentencing before U.S. District Judge Jean S. Breitenstein, Travis, 45, drew eight years in prison and an \$8,000 fine—the heaviest punishment yet inflicted for perjury on a Taft-Hartley affidavit. Said

Communist Travis: "I have been a radical, a nonconformist all my adult life . . . The Taft-Hartley law would have me resign from all that's not in conformity with popular beliefs."

## INDIANA Formation of a Fossil

In any classification of Republican politicians, Indiana's U.S. Senator William Ezra Jenner has been for years the prototype of the reactionary. A belly-punching precinct politician, he washed up through his state's G.O.P. organization and into the U.S. Senate on a wave of wild generalizations and crustacean thinking. He gained a national reputation for his unrestrained and often undocumented charges against people and programs he did not like (it was Jenner who called General of



INDIANA'S JENNER  
A front man for Crustaceae.

the Army George Marshall a "front man for traitors"). In 1952 he was re-elected in the Eisenhower landslide, but neither the man with the coattails nor the man with the clime liked it very much. Since then Jenner has been utterly unable to adopt the stance of a responsible, constructive member of the party in power.

**Destroy & Rebuild.** Constantly becoming more frustrated, Lawyer Jenner let it be known last fall that he would like to leave the Senate and take a U.S. Court of Appeals bench in Chicago. The Department of Justice pointed out to him that the Constitution prohibits a man from stepping directly from the U.S. Senate to the federal bench. From then on Jenner sulked, and refused even to talk to his fellow Indiana Senator, Republican Homer Capehart, about any other nominee for the post. "Believe it or not," Capehart told a friend, "the senior Senator from Indiana can't get an appointment with the junior Senator."

Capehart finally got his appointment only to have Jenner berate him violently for supporting the Eisenhower program. "I've never taken so much abuse in my life," Capehart later confessed. "I'm afraid one of the 46 Senators is nuts." By that time Jenner was calling Capehart, who himself has Grade A credentials in the right-of-center division of the G.O.P., a "New Deal sonofabitch."

Back home in Indiana, there were other developments to add to Jenner's irritation. President Eisenhower was obviously friendly with Indiana's forward-looking Governor George North Craig, who had seized control of the state Republican organization from the Jenner forces (TIME, March 7). At the beginning of 1956, Jenner was not even showing much interest in leading his own faction of the Indiana G.O.P. organization. He predicted the ignominious defeat of Capehart and other Republicans in Indiana next November. While his lieutenants sour-graped that control of the Indiana G.O.P. would be worthless in the great defeat, Jenner was saying that the Republican Party, ruined by the Eisenhower leadership, must be destroyed and rebuilt on the Jenner pattern.

**A Symbol & a Symbol.** Last week Indiana was just catching up with a classic Jenner tirade delivered in Chicago at a meeting of the bitter-right Abraham Lincoln National Republican Club. In a rabble-rousing outburst against the Eisenhower Administration, Jenner cried that patriotism and courage and the Constitution are going "out of style" in Washington. He called the conduct of U.S. foreign policy "nauseating," and roared that the State Department under John Foster Dulles "talks anti-Communism but silently, secretly carries on a planned retreat before the Communist advance." His question: "Could our fifth column have planned it that way?"

"The [presidential] office," he went on, "is being changed from the American constitutional office of the first citizen of the Republic, into a European office much more like the early Roman emperors . . . This glamorizing of the presidency is the work of that bureaucratic elite which wants to rule the United States in the protecting shadow of a loved and trusted symbol. Kings, emperors, and Führers are built up by ambitious power-seekers who could not be elected to office themselves. Our power-seekers try to make our chief executive into a monarch, and our sober constitutional executive branch into a glamorous imperial household, in which they will wield the hidden powers."

Musing about his colleague's tirades, Homer Capehart last week said, of the state where Bill Jenner once was a political monarch: "I don't think the people of Indiana are taking it seriously." In 1956, Senator Jenner is the symbol of a brand of Republicanism that has quietly, gradually, relentlessly been made obsolete by the Eisenhower Administration. He has been transformed from a reactionary into a fossil.

<sup>2</sup> James Forrestal (48 months), Louis Johnson (18 months), George Marshall (12 months), Robert Lovett (36 months)



# FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

### Unconcealed Weapons

In Moscow last week the world's No. 1 Communist gave world Communism its new line: coexist capitalism to death.

Some 1,150 delegates from Communist Parties in 55 countries assembled in Moscow's Great Kremlin Palace to sit on straight wooden seats through long hours of speeches, to acquiesce in what they were told, and to applaud methodically.

In the very first session, even their dutiful applause came in for criticism. As First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev and the other big shots entered by a side door, they were greeted by a noisy standing ovation. Khrushchev strode to the microphone to say, "The Presidium has requested that the delegates not applaud every time we enter. Behave in the Communist way and show you are masters of this congress!"

The incident struck the dominant note for the 20th Communist Party Congress: Khrushchev acting the boss and instructing everyone to act as if there were no such thing as a boss.

In this first party congress since the death of Stalin, the men who sycophantically sang Stalin's praise alive now scorned him dead. Chunky, jug-eared Khrushchev set the tone for this as for everything else when, in a perfunctory tribute to comrades who had died since the last congress, he disdainfully lumped together in one sentence "J. V. Stalin, Klement Gottwald and Kyuchiki Tokuda." Stalin's theories about Communism were also cavalierly rewritten.

**Milk & Honey.** "War is not fatalistically inevitable," proclaimed Khrushchev, blandly dismissing one of Lenin's most insistent themes. The first task of the Communist Parties, said Khrushchev, is "to pursue steadfastly the Leninist policy

of peaceful coexistence between different states, irrespective of their social systems." Added Khrushchev disarmingly: "This is not a tactical move but a fundamental principle." But coexistence, Soviet style, is only a means to an end—the world-transforming . . . complete triumph of Communism.

At the 19th Party Congress 15 years earlier, Georgy Malenkov, Stalin's own choice for party leadership, had also enunciated the principle of coexistence, but had coupled it with forensic saber-rattling about the "brutal fascist regime" in Washington. Last week Khrushchev was all milk and honey.

In his lengthy keynote speech he chided the U.S. for "trying to bury the Geneva spirit," and spoke of the need for "establishing firm, friendly relations between the two biggest powers in the world, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. We propose this with good intentions, without having a knife behind our backs."

The knives with which Khrushchev proposed to carve up the non-Communist countries were, however, soon juggled before his Kremlin audience openly and with skill. In his right hand he held that blunt old carver, the economic decline of the West, and in his left, a shining new instrument with an edge: "Cooperation, sweeping aside mutual recriminations, with those circles of the socialist movement who have views on the forms of transition to socialism different from ours." A characteristic feature of the bad old Stalin era (except for the brief popular-front period in 1936) was the unremitting quarrel—more skull-cleaving than hairsplitting—between the Communists and the parliamentary Socialist Parties.

Now, said Khrushchev, "we sincerely greet these Social Democrats and are willing to do everything necessary to unite

our efforts . . . Important successes have been won by the French and Italian working class in parliamentary elections. The question arises whether it is possible to go over to socialism by using parliamentary means. No such course was open to the Russian Bolsheviks . . . Since then, however, the historical situation has undergone radical changes which make possible a new approach. The mighty camp of socialism with its 600 million members, is growing and gaining in strength. In these circumstances, the working class by rallying round itself the toiling peasants, the intelligentsia, all the patriotic forces . . . is in a position to capture a stable majority in Parliament and to transform the latter from an organ of bourgeois democracy into a genuine instrument of the people's will."

Thus, at one stroke, Khrushchev cut through a century of Marxist dogma which holds that the transition to socialism can only be accomplished by active revolution. Actually, Khrushchev's words were of course a pretended shift away from violence, designed to appeal to the neutralist Asian nations and the uncommitted Arab states as much as to the Western socialists.

**"Certain Distrust."** In that part of his seven-hour speech dealing with internal affairs, Khrushchev made no effort to con-

© Khrushchev's theories of peaceful coexistence, what is new is its elevation to party dogma. Stalin once told British Labourite Harold Laski: "There are two roads to socialism. The Russian road was shorter, but more difficult and involved bloodshed . . . The parliamentary method involves no bloodshed, but it is a longer process. In Britain it is possible . . . to amend the opinion of every responsible person in the country as to whether he wants socialism or not, but in Russia in the early days, there was a very low level of culture, and the peasants who were a great problem, did not even want to hear about socialism."



PARTY CHIEF KHRUSHCHEV ADDRESSING 20TH COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS  
Men who sang praises of Stalin alive now scorn him dead.

Illustration by Tom Ziemann



real how far the Soviet Union itself is from the classless socialist utopia.

"Some comrades have begun to manifest a certain distrust for the workers of the state security agencies." After 38 years the "wage system is still disordered and muddled," and food distribution so bad that "some towns are still insufficiently supplied with such foods as meat, milk, butter . . . and even potatoes." Without revealing what hours the Soviet worker now works, Khrushchev promised him a seven-hour day six days a week, or an eight-hour day five days a week. In 1957, Bureaucracy is still an "intolerable evil," and "there are still individuals who do no useful work . . . and functionaries in leading posts who must be counted among the 'busy idlers.'" There is "an unbelievable lack of centralization." Transport is backward, "railroad service lagging," and "last year about half of all our motor trucks were standing idle, and half of the time those operating were running empty."

Khrushchev abolished high-school and university fees, but called for a stepped-up "polytechnization" of normal schools, i.e., "introducing more pupils to factory and farm work." In the same breath, citing the czarist parallel of special schools, the Corps of Pages and the Cadet Corps, he announced a plan for select boarding schools in pleasant, healthy surroundings, at which children of the party elite would be instructed by "engineers of souls."

**Word for Word.** Khrushchev made one promise meant for everybody: "We are in a position to promote rapidly the production of both the means of production and consumer goods." This was word for word the assertion Malenkov had made before his ouster from the premiership in February 1955, presumably for making so naive and untenable a promise.

"We would not have had many of the shortcomings which we are now struggling with," said Khrushchev, "if, in its time, an atmosphere of self-satisfaction, attempts to embellish the actual state of things, had not prevailed in certain individual links of the party." The individual link Khrushchev obviously had in mind was his predecessor, the prematurely optimistic Georgy Malenkov.

Khrushchev laid down the basis of the new leadership: "The leading core is not a group of men bound by personal relations or mutual advantage, but a working collective of leaders whose relations are based on ideas and principles permitting neither mutual forgiveness nor personal antagonism." To spell out his theory, Khrushchev announced that a new party program was being drafted, and that the old party history (attributed to Stalin) would be replaced by a new history "based on facts." Describing the function of "Bolshevik criticism" in the new setup, Khrushchev revealed that there had already been a minor purge of "certain workers of the Central Committee who had not justified the high trust placed in them."

Just how the new party history would



FIRST DEPUTY PREMIER MIKOYAN  
Party history will be rewritten.

be rewritten was laid down by mercurial Anastas Mikoyan, Soviet First Deputy Premier (obviously a high favorite, while Malenkov's and Molotov's stars wane). For 20 years under Stalin, said Mikoyan, criticizing him by name, "we have had . . . no collective leadership. [Instead] the cult of personality flourished, which had already been condemned by Marx and Lenin and could not fail to exert an extremely negative influence on the situation in the party." Mikoyan then scored a few of the negative influences: Stalin's so-called party history "does not satisfy us because it does not shed any light on the events of the last 20 years. Several events of the civil war of 1918-20 are explained by the alleged treacherous activity of individual party leaders of that time who were unjustly declared enemies of the people" (i.e., a suggestion that a whole cluster of Communist heretics might now become heroes). "Certain ossified forms of our diplomacy" under Stalin have also been discarded, said Mikoyan.

But it was in his remarks on capitalism that Mikoyan showed most clearly that, despite all their bluster and show of confidence, Khrushchev & Co. were having a hard time reconciling the world as it is with the world as their scriptures said it would be. Stalin had said that once the U.S., Britain and France were cut off from the Communist countries by the cold war, "the extent of production in these countries will shrink . . . This can hardly help us and is hardly correct. This view does not explain the complex and contradictory phenomena in contemporary capitalism and the factor of the growth of capitalist production in many countries since the war . . . We are not studying sufficiently deeply facts and figures. We frequently limit ourselves, for purposes of propaganda, to picking out individual facts

about the symptoms of an approaching crisis—the impoverishment of the workers—but fail to provide an all-round evaluation of the happenings in life abroad."

Confident, cocky Khrushchev caught the world's headlines. But beneath the repeated assertions that the rest of the world was going to fall peacefully to them was a recognition that the Russian Communists were managing their own affairs badly, and their own "objective" textbooks and "scientific" prophecies about the rest of the world were proving false.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Gallows Must Go

Only on rare occasions do members of the House of Commons get to vote freely on matters of personal conviction, instead of on instruction of party whips. Last week was such an occasion, and the question was one that weighed heavily on many a member's conscience: capital punishment. By a vote of 203 to 262 (four dozen Tories rejecting the stand of Anthony Eden's Cabinet), the House voted to abolish the death penalty for murder.

Hanging is an old Anglo-Saxon custom. In the 13th century, punishment by death, in forms varying from the headman's ax to the witch's pyre, was imposed as a deterrent for virtually every crime on the books. More than five centuries later, there were still some 200 crimes (including poisoning) punishable by death in England. Children as young as seven were hanged. The first sweeping move toward clemency was not made until 1835, when these 200 mortal crimes were cut to four—high treason, murder, piracy, and setting fire to the royal dockyards and arsenals. In practice, since 1861 the death penalty in peacetime has been invoked only for murder. But not until 1868 did Britain outlaw public executions.

In 1866 five members of a royal commission recommended abolition of the death penalty, but no government was willing to take the responsibility for introducing such a law. In 1948, the House of Commons voted to suspend the death penalty for a trial period of five years; but the House of Lords in effect nullified this vote, proposed instead another royal commission "to consider and report" on the question.

**Hearts & Heads.** While this commission, under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest Gowers, pondered the problem, traveling to many corners of the world in its search for facts, convicted killers went to the gallows, and one such case became a celebrated indictment of capital punishment. A young truck driver named Timothy Evans was hanged in 1950 for the murder of his 14-month-old daughter, largely on the testimony of one John Christie, who Evans swore, was the real killer. Three years later Christie himself was hanged for another murder, and new evidence made it almost certain that he, and not Evans, had killed the Evans baby.

As Laborite Home Secretary at the



GWILYM LLOYD-GEORGE  
Conscience.

time. Chuter Ede had refused to save Evans' life. Convinced later of his mistake, Chuter Ede made a moving confession of error to the House; the Evans case did more than anything else to agitate debate. Sir Ernest Gowers, during the four years his royal commission studied the problem, himself underwent a complete about-face from his original conviction that those who wanted to abolish the death penalty were merely "people whose hearts were bigger than their heads."

"This Dark Stain." For almost seven straight hours last week, a packed House of Commons debated the subject. There were moments of personal drama; a speech by a young Tory confessing how he himself had once been tempted to kill, and had restrained himself only by the thought of the gallows; a description of the horror of a hanging by an old member from Glasgow.

For the most part, the debate was solemn and deeply thoughtful. The most eloquent of the abolitionists was yellow-haired Benavite Sydney Silverman, whose sarcastic, extreme left-wing speeches usually irritate the House; in this debate he heard a rare cheer as he urged "free men, free women, free Members of Parliament in a free society to wipe this dark stain from our statute books."

Against him, nervous and unhappy in his role, was Home Secretary Gwilym Lloyd-George (son of the late great World War I Prime Minister), whose position under the Queen gives him the final say in matters of criminal life or death. Himself once an ardent abolitionist, Lloyd-George lowered his eyes like a man condemned, as he outlined the government's position. "In taking life," he said, "the state performs its most solemn function . . . There can be no Home Secretary who would not be thankful to be relieved of this terrible burden. [But] if there is rea-

son to think that without capital punishment there might be more murder, then capital punishment should be retained." In this negative way was the government's case made.

There were cheers in the House as the vote was announced. Sir Anthony Eden, looking glumly shaken by the defeat, promised to "give full weight at once" to the House's decision.

## Again, Margaret

Many Britons, high and low, profess to be bored stiff these days with talk of Princess Margaret, but when Margaret's name is mentioned, her sister's subjects prick up their ears. Last week, sparked by the fact that the Roman Catholic Duke of Norfolk, Premier Peer and hereditary Earl Marshal of England, went to call on the Pope for the first time in 18 years, rumors were once again rife about Princess Margaret. Flimsily constructed on the supposition that high-ranking Norfolk's papal audience could only concern an equally high-ranking cause, the rumors took three forms:

1) Protestant Princess Margaret is considering marriage to Belgium's Roman Catholic King Baudouin, and sent Norfolk as her emissary to inform the Pope.

2) The Princess still yearns for her rejected airman, Peter Townsend, and hopes that if both of them turn Catholic, his former marriage might be annulled and they could marry in the Roman Catholic faith.

3) Margaret simply wants to become a Roman Catholic.

The responsible British press paid little heed, but, as is often the case in British royal family matters, the gossip got an added filip from a big play in New York's tabloid *Daily News*, which quoted unnamed "sources close to the royal household." London's own *Woman's Sunday Mirror* caught the ball and tossed it even higher, with a report that "priests in Rome are now taking part in three special days of prayer for the conversion of the Princess to the Roman Catholic faith." The *Mirror* went on to quote "an important Vatican official" as saying that Margaret "has long been a Catholic at heart."

Said Buckingham Palace: "No comment." Said the Duke of Norfolk: "All nonsense." Said an official of London's Roman Catholic Westminster Cathedral: "I have been denying these rumors 14 times daily for the last four days. No prayers for the conversion of Princess Margaret have been offered."

## Pains of Prosperity

"We cannot go on like this," warned the *Tory Daily Mail*. "Ordinary men and women . . . are accusing the government of doing nothing," said the *Tory Daily Sketch*. Last week the government of Prime Minister Anthony Eden got even more pointed reminders of Britain's increasing dissatisfaction. In three by-elections for "safe" Conservative seats, the Tory percentage of the vote dropped by a surprising 7%.

The trouble was economic. The British public was bewildered and resentful. Only two years ago the Tories were boasting of a boom. Last fall Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler had put on an "amber light"—nothing to worry about, just a little caution needed. Last week, though no Tory minister dared use the term, the word on the tip of their tongues was "crisis."

**Greedy Economy.** Butler's amber light had obviously not been enough to slow down Britain's course towards inflation. Last month Britain's gold and dollar reserves dropped to a figure lower than at any time since 1952. Instead of closing the trade gap was widening alarmingly. Vital coal production, which had dropped 1,000,000 tons last year, was still dropping. Harold Macmillan, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, said ruefully: "One of the Prince Regent's physicians earned a certain notoriety, though not perhaps very large fees, by telling his royal patient that all that was wrong with him was that he was too greedy. That was no doubt unpopular, and politicians have no occupational bias in favor of unpopularity. But I must confess that something of the sort seems a fair description of us and our economy."

The government concluded that it could not wait for remedies until the April budget. Pale and worried, Chancellor Harold Macmillan rose in Commons one day last week and announced his new measures. The day before, he had raised the bank rate (equivalent to the U.S. Federal Reserve discount rate, now at 2½%) to 5½%—highest since the depression days of 1932—in a move to tighten



PRINCESS MARGARET  
Nonsense.

Complete

the supply of borrowable money. Now he jumped on the British consumer, who has been enthusiastically snatching up goods on the "never-never" (British slang for the installment plan). The minimum down payments on cars, TV sets, radios, dishwashing machines and photographic equipment were raised to 50%. To slow down industrial borrowing, he increased down payments on capital goods to 50%, with a maximum two years' repayment time.

Macmillan also announced a \$196 million cut in government spending. Items: cutbacks in construction programs for nationalized railroads and coal mines, delay in school building. To save another \$266 million, he cut the government subsidy on bread and milk. Result will be to make British housewives pay one penny more for each loaf of bread and quart of milk. "Inflation must be mastered if our personal lives are not to be darkened by continual anxiety and uncertainty, and our country's position in the world seriously undermined," he warned.

Macmillan's move on the householder's budget brought cries of "Shame!" from the Socialist benches. "How prosperity hurts under the Tories!" mocked the Laborite *Daily Herald*. Other critics, however, pointed out that while cutting food subsidies, the Tory government was simultaneously adding \$350 million to the costs of Britain's welfare state by increasing health and education services.

**"Some Slump."** Macmillan's short-range remedies achieved one short-range objective: the pound stopped its decline on the world's money markets. But they did not attack the deeper illness: the failure of British productivity to keep pace with world competition. In a nation where even Tories seem hypnotized by the problem of slicing up the available cake rather than increasing its size, the problem is seldom even discussed. But last week a stocky, grey-haired manufacturer named Harry Pardoe, from Lancashire's textile industry, spoke up.

In his retirement speech as president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Pardoe pointed out that for years the Lancashire textile trade has been calling itself "depressed," and screaming for government protection from foreign competition. The fact was, Pardoe said, that the average dividend of 62 leading spinning concerns last year was a whacking 23.4%—only a fraction less than 1954, when dividends were at a 30-year peak. "Some slump," said Harry Pardoe sardonically.

Then he went to the heart of the matter. The industry had achieved these profits by deliberately maintaining its mills at only 65% of capacity. "Just what has this policy of high profits and a small turnover cost the whole industry?" demanded Pardoe, and answered his own question: it has priced British textiles out of the world market. "I do not believe that wages are too high, but rather that production is too low. The unit cost is too high." He concluded: "It really is time a little competition was introduced

Giovanni Gronchi

## DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

*At the invitation of President Eisenhower, Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi (pronounced Gron-key) will arrive in the U.S. next week for a 13-day visit.*



**Early Career:** Born Sept. 10, 1887, near Pisa, to a family of modest means. His father was an accountant and a salami salesman. Forced to work to put himself through college, Gronchi joined the Catholic workers' movement while still a student, beginning a lifelong passion for politics; fought and was decorated three times for bravery in World War I.

**Political Career:** After the war, he became a teacher of Italian at a technical school, helped found Don Luigi Sturzo's Popular Party (forerunner of the Christian Democrats). Elected to Parliament in 1919, he served briefly in Mussolini's first government, but when Mussolini began to show his iron hand, Gronchi resigned. Barred from teaching because he refused to take the Fascist oath of allegiance, he became a salesman, first of neckties, then of American-made paints, worked his way up and ended as owner of a prosperous synthetic-varnish factory.

During World War II he became a leader of the resistance, and with De Gasperi founded the new Christian Democratic Party. Elected President of the Chamber of Deputies in 1948, an office he held until 1955, when he was elected Italy's President over the opposition of his own party's leadership, and with the help of votes from Pietro Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists. His term is seven years.

**Personality & Family:** Short and stocky, he is 68 but looks younger, has greying blond hair and pale blue eyes behind heavy spectacles, is a lively conversationalist and good orator, with the fine Tuscan accent that is highly respected in Italy. To give his children a normal family life, he has declined to move into the sumptuous Quirinal Palace. Instead lives modestly in a four-room apartment in Rome with his second wife (his first wife died before the war) and their two children (aged 12 and 11), often walks to work. His hobby: model trains, which take up half of his small apartment.

**As President:** Succeeding the first President of the Italian Republic, old (81), mild Luigi Einaudi, who contented himself with cornerstone laying and self-effacement, Gronchi has attempted to build up the prestige and power of the presidency. He has stepped up pomp and circumstance of

the Quirinal Palace itself, which is guarded by 120 of the most imposing soldiers in Italy, the 6-ft.-6-in. cuirassiers. Has made more speeches and covered more miles in his first nine months than Einaudi did in seven years. In contrast to Einaudi, he accepts petitions, receives delegations, summons government ministers to discuss their actions. "I firmly believe that the head of state must stimulate and encourage the actions of government," he says, and intends to sit as "custodian of the constitution." He believes it is his duty as President to have convictions and to express them.

**Opinions & Views:** Long a leader of the left wing of the Christian Democrats, Gronchi was a leading and early advocate of the "opening to the left." But he has vigorously disowned a *Christian Science Monitor* story by Correspondent Edmund Stevens (*TIME*, Feb. 13), which quoted him as in effect favoring a popular front with Nenni's Socialists. (Correspondent Stevens, now in Moscow for *Look*, stands by his story.) Gronchi has had occasion before to express his commitment to the West. Said he last year: "For eight years they depicted me as an enemy of the Atlantic way, thus insulting and offending me in three ways: first as a sensible person, second as a good Italian, third as a politician."

One of his top advisers describes Gronchi's politics as New Dealism with a strong admixture of Roman Catholic liberal thought. He believes that to fight Communism, the Christian Democrats must get nearer the working class and present a progressive program which Nenni's fellow travelers would be compelled to support. He has never urged, say his advisers, that Nenni's Socialists be brought into government.

As President of the Republic but not President of the Council (Premier), he will not be empowered to transact any business between Italy and the U.S. while here. But he can act as spokesman for his country. As for his own social and political ideas, and especially his ideas of foreign policy, he will be in a good position in Washington to speak for himself. He can be expected to do so with clarity and force.

into the official policy of the industry . . . If we are going to enjoy a good standard, we must earn it."

Last week the Tory government moved gingerly to tackle Pardo's problem. It published its "Restrictive Trade Practices Bill," which in theory strikes down the intricate system of price fixing, market sharing and clubby restraints ("I won't produce more if you won't") that has been built up to shield British producers and sellers from the uncertainties of competition. The new bill was only a feeble imitation of U.S. antitrust legislation. And it had one gaping loophole—any "restraint" could continue if it was found "reasonably necessary" for such reasons as "maintenance of employment" or "the protection of the public."

If Britain is to support its welfare state in a competitive world, it would have to learn how to compete at home.

## SPAIN

### People's Heartbeat

The measure of a tough dictatorship is that it does not have to appease public opinion. In the early days of his rule, Spain's Francisco Franco showed no sign of caring what people might think about his repressive acts. But today Spain, a U.N. member, is a generation removed from the martial aftermath of its civil war. Last week Franco, looking for scapegoats for the recent Falange student riots in Madrid (TIME, Feb. 20), found it expedient to appease two important blocs of Spanish opinion.

First Franco fired Education Minister Joaquín Ruiz Giménez, 46, an energetic Catholic intellectual of mildly liberal tendencies, who last November made a speech calling on the government to "listen to the people's heartbeat." Thus he was a natural target for Falange Party criticism of the "dangerous freethinking atmosphere" at Madrid University campus. But the Falange was not the only voice in Franco's ear. Possibly for the first time, the grievances of Spain's rising middle classes (of whose restlessness under rigid Falange controls the student riots were a symptom) also claimed Franco's consideration. To satisfy them, Franco fired the Falange Party Leader, Raimundo Fernández Cuesta.

For several tense days before Madrid returned to an outward calm, plainclothesmen patrolled the streets, and thousands of grey-uniformed, Tommy gun-toting police stood by for instant duty. Foreigners were halted and asked to show proof of their identity. Prizewinning Cinema Director Juan Antonio Bardem (noted for his outspoken film *Death of a Cyclist*) was picked up while making a new picture with U.S. Filmactress Betsy (Marty) Blair, wife of Hollywood's Gene Kelly. While the Falangist newspaper *Arriba* hysterically blamed the "hostile foreign press" for instigating violence, Dictator Franco postponed his dearly loved annual deer and boar hunt to study his people's heartbeat.

## FINLAND

### Pliant President

When the Russians recently agreed to dismantle their naval base at Porkkala and return the area to Finland, their immediate aim was to persuade the Finns to elect a pro-Russian successor to old (85) President Juho Paasikivi, who is the only non-Communist chief of state to hold the Soviet Order of Lenin. Last week the newly chosen Electoral College picked pliable Premier Urho Kekkonen, 55, who has stood close behind Paasikivi in tiny, democratic Finland's enforced dealings with the Russian Communists.

Lawyer Kekkonen, city-bred boss of Finland's Agrarian Party, squeaked in for his six-year term after the most protracted balloting in the republic's 35-year history. His final 131-149 victory came only



URHO KEKKONEN  
Sweetness is gail.

after the Communists threw him their 56 votes. Though all Finns agree that they have to stay on good terms with their powerful neighbors, Kekkonen's frank campaign for a be-sweet-to-the-Russians policy galloped the stubbornly independent souls of many Finns. Kekkonen maintained that a policy of appeasement won Porkkala back, and might yet persuade the Russians to hand over the "lost province" of Karelia. Porkkala, twelve miles southwest of Helsinki, was returned with great ceremony by the Russians last month.

Union leaders threatened to call a general strike for March 1, the day Kekkonen becomes President. The President-elect's first move was to pick his defeated rival, Social Democrat Karl-August Fagerholm, to form the new government. Finns took this as fresh evidence that Kekkonen is his country's shrewdest politician. If the unions strike, they will be striking against a Socialist Premier.

## FRANCE

### Moderation Needs Success

All one snowy morning last week, squads of workers swept the apron of Paris' Orly Field. They swept to such purpose that when his Super-Constellation taxied up that afternoon, His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco could step out in white pointed slippers on dry ground. Nothing was too good for Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, the pro-Nationalist monarch who, a prisoner of the French in Madagascar exile seven months ago, now returned in triumph to open negotiations for Moroccan independence. Welcomed at the airport by Premier Guy Mollet and a platoon of ministers, the Sultan was borne off with his wives to a tapestried villa, and launched on a round of banquets and Parisian splendors.

With trouble bursting all over Africa, the French are eager to sign Ben Youssef and his Nationalist advisers to a moderate settlement in Morocco. It may take some time and some cossetting, but they have hopes. The Moroccans want a declaration of independence right away, with recognition of their right to raise an army, appoint ambassadors, run their economy. Though willing to go along, the French balk at tossing over their 1912 protectorate treaty without something else to replace it first. They want settlers' rights spelled out, and "interdependence" affirmed through some kind of North African Federation.

Moderation needs a success in North Africa. At least 85 people died in North Africa rioting last week.

¶ In Morocco, "Black Crescent" terrorists went into action after a three-month lull, tossing bombs that injured 13 in Rabat, Marrakech and Casablanca.

¶ In Tunisia, where the ruling Neodestour moderates cracked down on dissident extremists last month, terrorists were operating so freely last week that French Commissioner Roger Seydoux wondered publicly whether Tunisians are up to the job of keeping the peace.

¶ In Algeria, moderates were not to be found, and the only sounds Nationalists made were gunshots. Touring the Aurès mountain battleground, new Governor General and Minister Resident Robert Lacoste met Foreign Legionnaires who had just fought their way out of an ambush. In one of the bitterest battles of Algeria's little, undeclared war, eight Legionnaires and 48 rebels had died.

### Remembrance of Things Past

A barrel-fat grocer named Jean Damsa made a parliamentary shambles of France's Chamber of Deputies last week.

Assembly President André Le Troquer had just called for a vote on the ejection of another of the 13 Poujadist Deputies whom an Assembly majority is trying to unseat on electoral technicalities. He signaled one of his presidential secretaries, a diminutive Communist named Robert Manceau, to place the heavy green urns for the voting. Down the aisle clumped





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Poujadist Damasio. He lumbered up onto the tribune and grabbed little Manceau in a bear hug.

As one man, the Communists sprang up from their benches with a roar. Some leaped to the tribune, others charged across the Chamber floor at the Poujadist benches. In seconds the floor was a melee of pushing, shouting, punching. Deputies. Stools flew overhead. Deputies tore lids off desks to use as weapons. Suddenly three shots rang out. There in the second-tier gallery was a pale, gaunt young man, waving a nickel-plated pistol and shouting, "Vive Poujade!" The combatants froze into startled silence as spectators grappled with him. A woman screamed and fainted with a clatter among the gallery chairs.

Abashed, the contestants allowed ushers to separate them. Six Deputies repaired to the infirmary with cuts and bruises. "It was a beautiful battle," crowed Poujadist Floor General Jean-Marie Le Pen.

"Have we fallen so low?" cried the *Paris-Presse*. "After the insults and tomatoes that greeted Guy Mollet in Algeria, nothing more was needed to stain the regime than a brawl between the representatives of the people."

But both Pierre Poujade and the Communists were well pleased. Poujade was quite willing to accept ejection of his men by the Assembly if he could capitalize on it in the country. Communists were delighted to proclaim a crusade against the "reactionary, fascist right," and hoping to tar the moderate right of Antoine Pinay with the Poujade brush. The net result of the brawling was to make the democratic parties of the center seem helpless and ineffectual.

All week long Poujadist filibustering and Communist clamoring tied up the Assembly. At week's end the moderate majority moved to limit the electoral attack on the Poujadists. All too many Frenchmen had been sharply reminded of the parallel fascist-Communist clashes of 1934 that foreshadowed the decline and fall of the Third Republic.

## GERMANY

### Tapping the Barrel

It was carnival season, and all over West Germany's Roman Catholic areas—the Rhineland, Swabia and Bavaria—respectable Germans were kicking up their heels with Teutonic thoroughness. If Germany's celebrators lack in some measure the Latin spontaneity of those in Rio or New Orleans at Mardi gras time, they make up for it in doggedness. For sheer boisterous hell-raising, carnival time in Bavaria is unsurpassed anywhere. The methodical police methodically overlook the most flagrant disturbances of the peace. The right of every householder and tenant to hold at least one riotous party on his premises is often written into his lease, and a German spouse who attempts to sue for divorce on the ground of infidelity during Bavaria's carnival time is as like as not to be laughed right out of court.

**Fool's Rod.** In the industrial, urban Rhineland, where the season is called *Karneval*, the accent is on political satire. Masquerade parties and parades are well larded with speeches whose topical references put their listeners in stitches and often leave outsiders completely bewildered. The rural Swabians celebrate *die Fastnacht*, as they call it, more in the manner of their pagan ancestors, with many an ancient springtime rite brought up to date. Friendly beatings with "fool's rods" (equivalent to the slapstick of low comedy) are designed to drive out evil demons. To ensure good crops for the coming season on Swabian farms, a maid must sally out in the nude before dawn to dump garbage on a neighbor's manure pile.

But the real storm center of the German carnival spirit is Bavaria, which calls its season *Fasching*. Every year in Munich, Bavarians let loose in an orgy of mask balls, attended by anywhere from 30 to 3,000 people, all intent on getting their fun where they find it. Political discussion is strictly outlawed, and for those who are married connubial fidelity momentarily abrogated. Some *Fasching* parties are quite proper affairs, but at others, plenty of sofas, mattresses and love seats are strategically located in dark corners and costumes are scanty or suggestive or both. At one party in Munich last week, the hostess impulsively offered a prize for the briefest female costume and then proceeded to win it herself by leaving the other girls no way to top her.

**Unwritten Law.** Despite an early Easter, which cut the season short (*Fasching* gets going right after Twelfth-night), *die Münchner* this year managed to find the money and the strength for more than 2,000 public balls. A partygoer who fails to hit at least five of these routs is slowing up badly. Last week a record 4,200 frolicked at the biggest of all, the Jungle Ball. There is no protocol among the milling, shouting, sweating celebrators on the dance floor at the freest *Fasching* parties. Anyone can ask anyone to dance and no holds are barred on the floor or off it. The one unwritten law at each party is that husband and wife part at the door and avoid each other thereafter.

By Ash Wednesday it is all over. Married couples are happily reunited and return, tired but happy, to respectability once more. What makes so many people break loose? A 15th century churchman defending the ancient pre-Lenten customs said: "A wine barrel that is not tapped will surely burst."

## SOUTH AFRICA

### The Black Sashes

From all over the Union white women most of them middle-aged housewives—all wearing over-the-shoulder black sashes—converged on Cape Town last week and paraded silently down Cape Town's main street. Then they took stations at five-yard intervals in front of Parliament and began a 48-hour vigil of silent protest.



**COSTUMED REVELERS** at one of Munich's 2000-odd carnival balls forget their cares in jolly observance of Bavaria's annual pre-Lenten *Fasching* festivities.

ignoring rotten vegetables hurled by young hoodlums. As leather-lunged Prime Minister Johannes Strydom convened Parliament in joint session in the final act of his long campaign to write white supremacy into the law of his tragically divided land, the silent ladies, lined up in mute and mourning protest, seemed to be the only opponents he could not shout down.

In the past, Nationalists had called the unnerving ladies rude names ("foolish virgins," "weeping Winnies") to no avail. This time Strydom ordered his Cabinet ministers to ignore them. A dozen women entered Parliament itself, and at a signal put on their black sashes, in mourning for South Africa's constitution. An usher demanded that they remove the sashes. They

J. G. N. Strauss rose to promise an appeal to the supreme court. This was not likely to come to much. Precisely in anticipation of such a move, Strydom last year added five new members to the court—all Nationalists.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Wanderer's Rest

To the people of Viet Nam, whether Christian or Buddhist, an unburied body is weight on the conscience of living men; its unseated soul wanders endlessly among the living, begging for suitable sepulcher. In the year in which Premier-President Ngo Dinh Diem has presided over the precarious young state of South Viet Nam, there

had heard the shots and described the area where the murder had taken place. He promptly disappeared. An old ex-Communist surrendered to Diem's forces and admitted his son had taken part in the kidnapping, but the son had fled to the north with the Communist troops. At Diem's urging, the old man was sent north in secret to find his son. He came back a few months later with a sketch locating the grave, but when Diem's coolies began digging, they found only the bones of dead water buffaloes.

Last month a sick villager of Co Bi went to the scene of the digging and told the authorities: "I have tuberculosis, and I'm going to die. Now I can tell the truth." Showing how the stream of the irrigation ditch into which Khoi's body was dumped had changed its course, he pointed out the real grave. Twelve feet deep, the diggers found the bodies of Khoi and his son, easily identified by a set of gold teeth and a belt buckle.

Rescued from the unhallowed earth, the bodies were removed, placed in coffins and carried back to the family vault at Phu-cam, while 75,000 Vietnamese watched in awed silence. "His spirit infuses our people during this renaissance of independence," said Ngo Dinh Diem.

## SEATO

### Showing the Thais

The roar of modern war's destroying engines shook the gilded spires and jeweled pagodas of many-templed Bangkok last week. In answer to the Thai government's invitation, SEATO nations were staging their first joint maneuvers to show how fast they could come to the aid of their ally. A task force of U.S., British, Australian and New Zealand warships knifed northward through the turquoise waters of the Gulf of Siam. Crisp and impressive, 650 Philippine infantrymen rolled ashore from a U.S. seaplane tender in the harbor. U.S. Globemasters and Flying Boxcars, lugging men and arms from Japan, came up like thunder across the South China Sea.

Under cover of U.S., British and royal Thai jets, 6,000 U.S. soldiers rained down on Bangkok's Don Muang airport by parachute before the awed eyes of 250,000 Thais. Most impressive unprogrammed sight: the rescue in mid-air by one paratrooper of a comrade who jumped in the same stick but whose chute failed to open. Popeyed, rice farmers saw field guns and trucks larger than their houses drop from the sky. U.S. marines, landing from 30 helicopters, fought a mock battle against "enemy" strongpoints with flamethrowers and satchel charges.

By European NATO standards it was a small show, but by the third day, when some 28,000 men of six nations (France and Pakistan sent only observers) marched in colorful parade through Bangkok's streets, Thai officials felt that "Operation Firm Link" had shown their people that SEATO is much more than a "paper tiger."



NGO DINH DIEM (CENTER, IN WHITE) AT BROTHER'S FUNERAL  
A soul was sepulchered, a weight was lifted.

Franklin Sutt

complied, then calmly took black artificial roses from their handbags and pinned them to their dresses. The usher demanded that these be removed too, but the sergeant at arms nervously ruled that the black flowers could be worn. The women knew their cause was hopeless, but their presence was a visible reminder that a large segment in the country deplores the direction South Africa is heading.

Having packed the Senate by appointing only loyal Nationalists to 41 newly created seats (TIME, Dec. 7), Prime Minister Strydom was in a hurry to get on with his designs. His bill proclaiming the supremacy of a Parliament not answerable even to the courts, and striking the last 50,000 Colored (mixed blood) voters from the common roll, rode through first and second readings and was ready for final enactment as a constitutional amendment this week. The last constitutional safeguards enacted in South Africa's founding charter of 1909 to protect the rights of non-whites would thus be repealed. For the dispirited remnants of the once-powerful United Party, Opposition Leader

has never been far from his mind the need to set one such wandering soul at rest.

In the general slaughter in central Annam following Emperor Bao Dai's surrender to the Communists back in 1945, Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Khoi and his eldest son were dragged out of their home and whisked away in a green Citroën to be shot near the village of Co Bi in the high, jagged mountains of the Chaine Annamitique. "I remember my brother Khoi," says Diem, who fled into hiding at the time. "He was the brightest son of our family of twelve, a tall, handsome man. The welfare of the people was his life's work." But the people's thanks, under the new Communist regime, consisted only in tossing his unblessed body into an irrigation ditch.

For nine years after Khoi's murder, the village of Co Bi remained under Communist control, making it impossible for members of the Roman Catholic Ngo family to find their relative's body. When at last the Reds were driven out, the local peasants were too afraid to talk. One ancient sampan man confessed that he

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Jittery Strongmen

The biggest news event in Latin America last year made jittery reading for the hemisphere's military strongmen. The crash of Argentina's Juan Perón showed with unnerving clarity how swiftly the most deeply entrenched tyrant can be destroyed by aroused public opinion and disenchanted military leaders. By last week strongman regimes in four other nations were showing signs of strain.

**Peru** (pop. 9,500,000). Well-intentioned President Manuel Odría long ago promised to run off a free election next June. At first sullenly doubtful, Peruvians finally decided that he meant what he said, began campaigning with such antigovernmental vigor that Odría's police were goaded unwisely into shooting up a political meeting in Arequipa last December. The result was a surprisingly loud outcry for a completely unfettered election. It was under this banner that Brigadier General Marcial Merino Pereyra rebelled last week in Iquitos (see below).

**Venezuela** (pop. 6,000,000). President Marcos Pérez Jiménez, relying on his sixth sense for plots, has lately jailed, shifted or lashed half a dozen ambitious officers. But last week, even as he was shaking up his Cabinet, students were demonstrating against him for the first time in years.

**Colombia** (pop. 12,650,000). President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla presides over a country that is politically in a state of siege and emotionally in a state of shock. Although he has built up the country (see below), he has let a quick temper lead him into harsh, police-state methods (Time, Feb. 20) and an unmatched record as a newspaper-killer. The betting is that, one way or another, he is on the way out.

**Cuba** (pop. 6,100,000). President Fulgencio Batista gives far more freedom than the other three strongmen. But Cubans are restive. University students, court-martyred, clash constantly with Batista's police, who often react hotheadedly. A fortnight ago a 22-year-old girl student was cruelly tortured, and the regime, rightly or wrongly, got the blame. To relieve the heat and pressure, Batista may have to make the concession that his opposition demands: free elections soon.

### PERU

#### Boondocks Uprising

Steamy Iquitos. Peru's chief Amazon River port was sleeping under a velvet equatorial sky when military boots first began to scrape along the streets. Tough little soldiers in tunics deployed briskly. In less than an hour, without firing a shot, they occupied the city's radio stations, telegraph office, and the big, grey prefecture building, Capitol of the jungled, Arizona-size department of Loreto.

Soon after sunup the rest of the garrison was standing at attention in the tree-

lined Plaza de Armas. Brigadier General Marcial Merino Pereyra, their commander, read off a manifesto explaining to his men why he had led them into rebellion against Strongman Manuel Odría. They would, he promised, "open the front door for democracy in Peru, and guarantee absolutely free elections." Townspeople gawked, then drifted off to work.

**Waiting Game.** General Merino, 51, an able infantry officer, then sat back to wait. His boondocks uprising was shrewdly conceived. By merely proclaiming a rebellion, Merino forced Odría to retaliate or lose his strongman's prestige. But Odría was denied any chance of easy attack. Merino claimed the whole Second (Jungle) Division of 12,000 men (the whole army numbers 55,000 to 60,000). He also claimed the navy's Amazon fleet: seven 200- to 500-ton gunboats, and about thirty 10- to 50-ton river patrol craft. Moreover, most of the troops were inaccessibly camped in scores of jungle outposts, and even the Iquitos headquarters was isolated from Lima by 700 miles of mountains and jungles. Merino's strategy obviously was to sit tight, with an impressive force-in-being that other garrison commanders all over Peru might decide to join. When and if rebels outnumbered loyalists, Odría would fall.

General Odría got the point fast; his first act was a doublecheck on other garrisons. Apparently reassured, he slapped on a state of siege, denying Peruvians the right to travel or hold meetings.



True Map by J. Donovan

Then the President set out to round up the political leaders presumably linked with the revolt. His eye lit on one of Peru's most powerful men, Pedro Beltrán.

**Distinguished Prisoners.** Aristocratic Pedro Beltrán, businessman, cotton planter, publisher, and onetime Ambassador to Washington, paid the bills for Odría's successful 1948 revolution, but soon broke with Odría. Lately, Beltrán has been housing a wealthy fellow businessman, Pedro Roselló, as an anti-government candidate in elections set for June. Beltrán's newspaper *La Prensa* has loudly accused Odría of plotting to steal the elections for a hand-picked successor. To the dictator, this charge was suggestively reflected in Merino's manifesto. Cops raided and closed *La Prensa*. They arrested Beltrán, Roselló, scores of others.

The dictator then turned back to military problems. At week's end he was reportedly concentrating his eight Thunderjets and 20 Hawker Hunters at northern bases in readiness for an air strike at the rebels. With Merino still sitting tight and hoping for the time factor to operate, it was clearly Odría's move.

## COLOMBIA

### Go-Ahead for C.V.C.

The Cauca River rises in the mountains of southern Colombia, foams furiously down their steep slopes, then runs placidly northward through a balmy (average temperature 78°), verdant valley. The Cauca Valley, twelve miles wide and 125 miles long, is the country's most bounteous food producer—bananas, sugar, potatoes, coffee, rice, beef, milk. Its center is the warmhearted city of Cali, whose 500,000 inhabitants manage to combine plenty of industrial zip (in tires, leather, drugs, textiles) with a pleasant, semitropical way of life that still reserves the time from noon to 2:30 for lunch and siesta. Yet the valley's people believe its development has hardly begun; last week they were taking the first steps to turn the Cauca into South America's most impressive replica of the U.S.'s Tennessee Valley Authority.

**Concrete Commitment.** Two years ago Cali industrialists persuaded the government to invite David Lilienthal, onetime chairman of TVA, down for a look, and frankly tapped their guest for advice and know-how. Serving willingly (and without fee), Lilienthal briefly studied the valley and recommended the creation of a developmental agency. Since then, the Cauca Valley Corp., working closely with a mission from the World Bank, has been gathering the engineering data needed to fix its own goal and methods. The objective, as finally visualized, became nothing less than a quick and dramatic boost in the standard of living of the valley's 3,000,000 people, to be achieved mainly by power production and control over crop-destroying floods, but also by related programs of education, road building and better farming.





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Last month, with planning far enough along for construction to begin, C.V.C. asked President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, chips down, whether it could have the heavy grants needed to get going. The President unhesitatingly pledged the government to spend \$64 million.

**Powerful Plans.** Work started immediately at Calima, a power dam on the Pacific-flowing Calima River needed to supply 120,000 kw. for electricity-starved Cali by late 1959. Next year another dam will begin to rise at Timba, which in 1962 will begin to generate 60,000 kw. of power and curb the yearly floods that cover a quarter of the valley's million acres. Transmission lines will go up to tie the dams and a newly completed plant at Anchicaya (begun before C.V.C. was conceived) to power users. Work will start in 1959 on the system's biggest dam at Salvajina. Other projects: flood channels, levees, irrigation ditches, and enough steam plants to bring generating capacity to 660,000 kw. (v. TVA's 9,000,000 kw.).

Once C.V.C. is in business, it will become self-supporting, but the initial investment in dams, power plants and transmission lines will require \$187 million in all (including last month's governmental commitment). A favorable report by the World Bank mission was a hint that the bank would lend a reported \$20 million to \$27 million for imported equipment and machinery. As for the rest, Finance Minister Carlos Villaveces has promised that "the government will see this through, come what may." To help raise funds, the government recently doubled Cauca Valley land taxes, without a murmur of complaint from the hopeful landholders.

## CANADA

### Soldier of Misfortune

Harold Dahl was an air-age soldier of fortune with a quiet, ingratiating manner, the face of an unappreciated minor poet—and an astonishing talent for oscillating rapidly between the frying pan and the fire, meanwhile eating well and never getting badly burned. He was also a good pilot—and a very lucky one.

Born in 1909, in Sidney, Ill., "Whitey" Dahl learned to fly as a U.S. Army cadet, later dropped out of the Air Corps, and by 1937 was ready to launch his flamboyant, horsepower-opera career by marching off to the Spanish civil war with a \$1,500-a-month contract to fly and fight for the Republican side. On a bombing mission over the Madrid front, he was shot down, captured and sentenced to death before a Franco firing squad.

**Block-Market Deals.** Before the sentence was carried out, a shapely blonde show girl who signed herself Mrs. Edith Dahl wrote a poignant letter to General Francisco Franco, pleading for her husband's pardon and thoughtfully enclosed a fetching photograph of herself. Although it was later denied that Franco ever saw Edith's picture, a letter came back bearing the rebel leader's signature, with the courtly, old-fashioned Spanish salutation *q.b.s.p.* ("I kiss your feet"), and promising to spare Dahl's life.



Whitey Dahl (in the early 1930s)  
The luck was all spent.

Back in the U.S. in 1940, Whitey soon was in another jam, arrested for passing bad checks. He was freed next morning when the judge turned out to be a sympathetic fellow member of the Quiet Birdmen, an aviators' club.

Like many another U.S. flyer, Dahl headed for Canada early in World War II to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He became a squadron leader (equals U.S. major) and married a Canadian girl, belatedly explaining that his marriage to wife Edith had never been exactly solemnized, from a legal point of view. Before the war ended, Whitey was in trouble again, charged with selling government pistols, compasses, lamps and radios on the black market while in command of a station in Brazil. He got off with no penalty but a discharge.

**Stolen Bullion.** Never at a loss for work, Pilot Dahl barnstormed around South America after the war until he landed a good spot with Swissair on the run from Geneva to Paris. That lasted until one night in 1953, when Dahl was seen leaving his plane with a heavy package—and \$35,000 in gold bullion was missing from the baggage hold. Whitey was found guilty, sentenced to two years in prison, but was freed pending appeal.

While waiting for the new hearing, Dahl went back to Canada and got a job with a Quebec bush airline, flying supplies to the Arctic radar sites. At Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island last week, the owner of a beat-up DC-3 propositioned him to ferry the plane with two passengers to the mainland. The aircraft had no operational radio equipment, but it was flyable—and bush pilots earn their extra dollars by taking risks. Dahl took the job and was only minutes away from his destination when the old bucket gave up the battle and went down in the Quebec wilderness. One man survived the crash, but Whitey Dahl, all luck spent at last, was found dead at the controls.

## Which Comes First— Cackle or the Egg?

by  
J. P. Van Winkle  
President  
Stitzel-Weiler  
(Old Fitzgerald)  
Distillery  
Louisville, Kentucky  
Established 1849



The new school marm asked us one day whether we Kentuckians said—"A hen lays or a hen lies?"

"In these parts," a lanky farm boy replied, "we lift her up to see."

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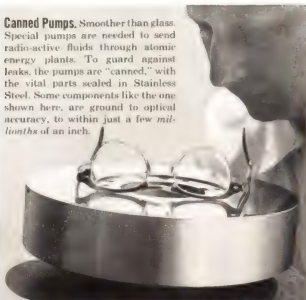
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**Just The Thing For The Kiddies.** This handsome old coal burner was headed for the scrap yard cutting torch when the railroad donated it to a city park in Tacoma, Washington. To protect its vintage beauty, the locomotive is surrounded with a USS Cyclone Fence. Cyclone is a trademark of United States Steel.

**Chilly Bridge Trunion.** Steel contracts when it is cooled, so USS workmen soaked this trunion in 2000 pounds of dry ice for 5 hours to make it fit into the hole in a sheave used in a lift bridge. After insertion, the trunion expanded when warmed and formed an inseparable connection with the mating sheave. U. S. Steel's American Bridge Division built the bridge.



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## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

After sleeping through the night, **Sir Winston Churchill** awoke and learned that morning had brought big doings in his country home at Chartwell. Only a few steps from his bedroom, a kitchen oil stove had flared up, been doused by a maid and a house dick.

With her guard held high, the **Duchess of Windsor** charged out of the neutral corner where she had stood fast for two decades after marrying Britain's newly abdicated ex-King Edward VIII in 1937.



PRINCES PIERRE & RAINIER III  
Vest-pocket strategists.

Occasion: *McCall's* magazine this week began publishing her serialized autobiography, *This Is My Side of the Story*, which the duchess contends she wrote all by herself. In her "simple story," the Baltimore-bred duchess, after confessing that "no one has ever accused me of being an intellectual," rolls off into her halcyon childhood memoirs, interspersed with some harsh looks in the mirror. Simple reflection: "Women seem to be divided into two groups—those who reason and those who are forever casting about for reasons for their own lack of reason. . . . With the second group . . . I see something more; this has been, if not my personal tragedy, then my continuing folly." Did the duchess ever consider jilting Edward VIII, or was her eye always on Britain's throne until he left it? She tantalizes her readers: "With a great throne at stake, a vast empire seething . . . I was unprepared and unarmed . . . in the eye of the storm . . . Had I had my way,

when eleventh-hour full understanding finally came to me, this story would have had a different ending. . . ." Promised by *McCall's* in next month's installment: "How she became a 'disillusioned Navy wife,' how the night after their wedding she discovered that her husband liked to drink. . . ."

Next fall, announced Washington's Sidwell Friends School, "a limited number of qualified Negro students" will be admitted to the school's kindergarten. Among the students now attending all-white Sidwell: three children of Mississippi's arch-segregationist Senator **James O. Eastland**, loudest voice of the bias-bawling white Citizens' Council. On hearing the news, Mrs. Elizabeth Eastland gulped: "It comes as a surprise." Affably drawled Jim Eastland: "No comment." The Senator's consolation, if he decides to let his children stay at Sidwell: unless his kiddies flunk several grades, or some of the late-coming Negro students are skipped upward, the Eastland children will not have colored classmates.

The almost forgotten Prince of Monaco, **Pierre de Polignac**, was greeted at Los Angeles' International Airport by his renowned son and ruler of the vest-pocket principality, **Prince Rainier III**. Prince Pierre had come to see Rainier's fiancée, Cinemactress **Grace Kelly**, and to help plan the April wedding strategy. Meanwhile, on a nearby movie set, Grace rested between scenes of her new film *High Society*, looking startlingly thin in an unflattering classic-cut bathing suit. Was this a new New Look? Roving U.P. Columnist Gloria Swanson thought so and hailed it. From Rome ex-Screen Siren Swanson cabled: "Now with . . . America's Grace Kelly leading the flat-chested brigade, leaving behind . . . all the other sweater girls, I hope it won't be long before Italy's overgrown divas will be the last contestants in the international Miss Community Chest contests."

Back on top in star billing after 16 lost years of bottle-belted, plus nearly ten dry years spent climbing back to the heights, ex-Movie Muscomedienne and Autobiographer **Lillian** (*I'll Cry Tomorrow*) **Roth**, 45, was drawing dewy-eyed patrons and rave notices at Manhattan's prim Hotel Plaza. Between shows, where she belted out old songs she had made famous, e.g., *When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along*, vibrant Songstress Roth philosophized about her old problem. Hearing a report that Actress **Diana Barrymore** (*Time*, Jan. 23) had spent only five weeks in a sanitarium (where she had voluntarily consigned herself to be treated for alcoholism for a planned six months), Lillian said: "I'd keep my fingers crossed. If you've given a whole life to self-destruction, it's worth a half life listening to somebody about it—even if it's the most awful six months of your

life." Did Lillian condone the tactics of oldtime, hatchet-swinging Saloon Wrecker **Carry Nation**? She smiled: "You get nowhere with smashing and breaking. The only way to carry a nation to sobriety is to persuade it to carry itself."

On his way to some revelry in Miami, ripening (54) **Bon Vivant Lucius** ("Luscious") **Beebe**, now publisher of the Virginia City, Nev. *Territorial Enterprise*, rolled into Jacksonville in his elegant private railroad car (accouterments: three master bedrooms, a Turkish bath, a wine closet, a St. Bernard dog wooing to the name of Mr. T-Bone Towser). Local reporters converged on the track where Beebe was parked with his traveling companion, Charles Clegg. Q: "How much did



PRINCESS-TO-BE KELLY  
Flat-chested brigade.

this rolling stock cost?" **Beebe** (Shuddering slightly): "That's vulgar!" **Clegg** (to newsmen): "I wouldn't ask how much your suit cost." **Beebe**: "But Governor Harriman just bought a railroad car for \$500,000." **Clegg**: "And they tell me it's real plain." **A newshew** (to Beebe's chef): "What do they drink, mostly?" **Chef**: "Everything, lady."

For years **Madame Chiang Kai-shek** has suffered from a nerve ailment that causes painful skin rashes. Recently, her friends noted a sudden improvement in her condition, asked her what had happened. Reportedly replied Madame: "My good health is due to a soup made of white doves. It is simply wonderful as a tonic. I advise you to try it!"

\* The recipe, sent to Madame by a Hsu Kone herb practitioner: stew a pure white dove in plain water until meat separates from bones. Drink only the broth. Expect no results for six weeks, maybe never.

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That there will always be an abundance is the goal of a growing movement dedicated to good forestry, the American Tree Farm System. Wherever you see the green-and-white Tree Farm sign as you tour the nation's highways, you'll know that trees are being grown as a renewable crop on privately owned lands, large and small. You'll know, too,

that water, soil and recreational areas are being conserved for the future.

Much has been written of America's woodlands, the richest and most varied in the world, but a celebrated naturalist probably put it best when he wrote, "The forests of America must have been a great delight to God—for they were the best He ever planted."

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# MUSIC

## Long-Term Conductor

A clatter of applause rose last week in St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium Opera House as one of the city's most distinguished citizens appeared on the stage. Debonair, white-haired Vladimir Golschmann, 62, bowed; this Parisian son of Russian parents was obviously very much at home. Then he turned, and whisked his baton over the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. On the program, Pianist Lukas Foss, playing his own *Concerto No. 2*. Conductor Golschmann has led his orchestra for 34 years—longer than the tenure of any other U.S. conductor now working.

During his quarter century, Conductor Golschmann has become a part of St. Louis. His collection of modern French painting has left the imprint of his taste on the city ("There are more than 90 Picassos in San Lewis," he says in his compromise Gallic-American pronunciation, "and I am only talking of the first-rate ones"). His poker playing has contributed much to the liveliness of the game in St. Louis. And his music has opened St. Louis ears to the contemporary world.

When Golschmann went to St. Louis with a three-year contract in 1911 (since renewed, year after year, on a one-year basis), Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner were St. Louis' idea of symphonic music. Golschmann has tried to program at least one 20th-century work every concert. Says he, "The Beethoven fans will have all the best recordings of him anyway, and the young people in the balcony really like contemporary music."

He likes the musical melting pot that characterizes the U.S. "In Europe one hears a great deal of national music. But here! Everyone knows Wagner and Brahms, Debussy and Ravel, Vivaldi and



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TRINIDAD STEELBAND

The girls all laugh, the birds all sing. *Princess Charmine* is the first.

Respighi, Falla and Tchaikovsky, and a conductor of a major orchestra has to be able to do the whole lot."

Golschmann's sound conducting of the whole lot has put the St. Louis Symphony in the first 100 U.S. orchestras, with a fine musical reputation, a healthy budget of \$225,000, and about 4,000 subscribers. Last week Golschmann was proudly showing visitors his most recent acquisition—not a canvas, but a 6-in.-by-8-in. silver plaque on which was the autograph of each of the 24 musicians who have been with him during his 25 St. Louis years. Says he proudly: "The number of us who have been together so long shows a great stability in our orchestra."

## Sounds from the Caribbean

Trinidad has no concert hall and no symphony orchestra, and few visiting artists ever get to Port-of-Spain, its capital, just off the coast of Venezuela. But Trinidadians may well be the world's most musical people. Out of prosaic newspaper headlines they created calypso songs, and out of such unmusical items as oil drums and automobile brake drums they created the world's newest musical combo, the steelband (pronounced *steelban* in Trinidad). Both were invented with sure instinct for novelty and self-expression by Trinidad's Negro population.

**Giant Mandolin.** At 4 a.m. one day last week, the streets of Port-of-Spain were quiet, but an occasional lighted window showed dark figures stirring. At 5, donkey carts laden with coconuts were moving towards the market, passing sidewalks packed with quiet crowds. Finally, a clock chimed 6, and as if unleashed, the crowds ran and danced out into the streets, Trinidad's Carnival was under way.

Before the note of the chime had faded,

the sound of a steelband grew in the distance. It was a sweet thrumming that, as it grew closer, began to resemble a giant mandolin playing a pretty tune. It was accompanied by an insistent clanging, like a syncopated firebell. Within a few minutes no fewer than 130 steelbands burst onto Port-of-Spain's streets, gathering prancing followers as they went. The marchers strode sensuously, with bent knees and swinging hips, sometimes six or eight clasped together in a veering line, sometimes a single marcher so excited by the music that he leaped out into an eccentric solo dance. For two days and nights the marchers and musicians strutted the streets, each band beating out its favorite road march in calypso tempo: *Princess Charmine* with its sweet giddy, last phrase, *Yankees Gone* with its sudden, catchy pause, *Shaver Man* with its obsessive repeated phrase.

**Steel Coming In.** During Carnival there is scarcely a person—save a few rusty English colonials in temporary retirement on quieter islands near by—who does not "jump up" to the stimulating rhythms. In fact, Trinidad's people want music so badly that they have gone on making it over the years despite organized restrictions.

Skin drums were long banned by the British in order to suppress African tribal traditions, but Trinidad musicians discovered they could make a kind of music with tubes of bamboo. "Bamboo-bamboo" bands competed with each other, thinking large-bore tubes on the ground and whacking smaller sticks together in the air to create a rich polyrhythmic effect: onlookers, unable to resist the compelling beat, would pound anything that would make noise. But by the early '30s bamboo was on its way out—the police had found



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For the first time, the Duchess of Windsor reveals her own true story of a romance that rocked the world... a romance that has been the subject of international rumor and gossip for years. Begin "This Is My Side Of The Story," by Wallis Windsor, in March McCall's.

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 The magazine of Togetherness...  
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that the sticks were too likely to be used as weapons. Then Port-of-Spain musicians turned to garbage-can tops and biscuit tins. Someone—maybe "Spree" Simon or Aulrick Springer or "Totee" Lewis—decided to outline the parts of the tin top which had different pitches. He dented a line across, dividing the pan into segments, and found he had two different notes. The establishment of a U.S. base brought the latest refinement: oil drums. And so the steelband was born.

**King Calypso.** The best band of the mid-40s was The Invaders, who are credited with introducing bouncing massed "trills" in harmony, and thus paralleling the transition of U.S. jazz from Dixieland counterpoint to the massed effects of swing. Today the steelband has swept the Caribbean islands—there is a severe shortage of oil drums and automobile brake drums. The music is also penetrating the U.S. through recordings and tours by stray bands. Last week Record-Maker Emory Cook carried his microphones and tape recorders right into the parade to capture steelbands in the raw.

The hands played one kind of marching tune: calypso.<sup>20</sup> Often calypso was considered vulgar, usually with good reason. But since 1920, when someone improvised a song called *Class Legislation*, calypso has been a kind of musical journalism, with such topical titles as *The Destruction of Hurricane Janet*, *What's Federation?*, *The Princess Says No*.

In past years calypsonians staged night-long "wars," attempting to outthyme and outwit each other verse for verse, never repeating themselves as they improvised. Last week Port-of-Spain chose a Calypso King in a more sedate and less spontaneous contest. His professional name was The Mighty Sparrow. His song *Yankees Gone*, hymning the imminent closing of the U.S. naval base. Excerpt

*Well the girls in town feeling bad  
 No more Yankees in Trinidad  
 They going to close down the base for good  
 Them girls hate to make out how they could  
 Is now they park up in town  
 In for a penny, in for a pound, Yes  
 Is competition for so  
 Trouble in town when the price drop low.*

For two days and two nights the steelbands played on without pause. In the late hours of mardi gras, bone-weary celebrants sat on curbstones, heads in arms waiting for transportation home. But still, here and there, a clanking, humming steelband could be heard, and its dancing members still wore expressions that seemed to say: this is our day, and this is the music that truly belongs to us. When midnight struck, the music stopped, and Trinidad's steelbands vanished from the streets for another year.

<sup>20</sup> Nobody is sure how calypso started, or even where the word came from. It has nothing to do with the nymph who held Odysseus prisoner for seven years.



# TWO OLD NAMES BECOME ONE—CROCKER, ANGLO JOIN FORCES TO CREATE \$1.5 BILLION BANK

On February 10, at the close of business, two time-honored names in California banking, Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco and Anglo California National Bank, became one — Crocker-Anglo National Bank.

The biggest merger in California's banking history created an institution with total assets of nearly \$1,500,000,000 and capital funds of more than \$95,000,000—17th largest in total deposits among the nation's 14,500 banks and fourth largest west of the Mississippi.

Chairman of the board of the bank is

William W. Crocker, formerly chairman of Crocker. Paul E. Hoover, who was head of Anglo, is president and chief executive officer.

**Pioneer Banks.** These two banks had their roots in the early history of California. Anglo had its origin in the Anglo-Californian Bank Ltd., incorporated in 1873 and itself successor to J. and W. Seligman & Company, a banking and mercantile firm which established a San Francisco office in 1850. Known for its progressiveness, it was among the very first to establish branch banking in Cali-

fornia and pioneered such services as automobile financing in U.S. banking.

The Crocker First National Bank traced its beginnings to California's first national bank, the First National Gold Bank of San Francisco, chartered in 1870, and the private bank of Crocker, Woolworth & Company, founded in 1883. Board Chairman Crocker is the grandson of Charles Crocker, one of the founders of Crocker, Woolworth and one of the "Big Four" who made the first transcontinental railroad a fact.

**51 Offices.** One Sansome Street, San Francisco, will be the head office of the bank, operating 51 offices in 32 Northern and Central California communities.

The consolidation of the two banks has been described as a "natural" in banking circles. Both had strong capital structures and complementary services and the combined bank will be able to participate even more vigorously in providing capital for the booming California economy.

The combined experience and personnel of the two banks will be available for all customers, bringing even more concentrated effort to bear on any banking problem. In addition, it is expected that customers will benefit from the expansion of the branch system, which will bring the services of the bank to a much larger group.

In California, where big banks are part of the landscape, now there's another big bank in the picture—ready to do a big job.



WILLIAM W. CROCKER  
Chairman of the Board



PAUL E. HOOVER  
President and Chief Executive Officer

## PRINCIPAL OFFICERS

William W. Crocker  
Chairman of the Board

Paul E. Hoover  
President and Chief Executive Officer

J. F. Sullivan, Jr., Chairman of the Executive Committee

Paul B. Kelly, First Vice President

Wm. Pfueger, Executive Vice President

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Clyde H. Brand  
Richard D. Brigham  
Starr Bruce  
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Harry F. Camp  
Wm. Herbert Carr

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Ernest Ingold  
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Joseph A. Moore, Jr.  
Wm. Pfueger  
George A. Pope, Jr.  
John J. Reilly  
Mrs. Helen C. Russell  
Randolph Sevier  
Emmett G. Solomon  
J. F. Sullivan, Jr.

## Fact Roundup

TOTAL ASSETS: \$1.5 Billion  
CAPITAL FUNDS: \$95,000,000  
NATIONAL RANK (by deposits): 17th  
NUMBER OF OFFICES: 51  
COMMUNITIES SERVED: 32

## AREA SERVED:

Northern and Central California — embracing San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, San Francisco Bay area and northern coast of California

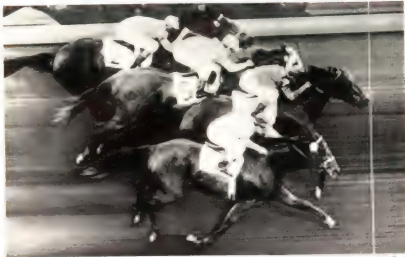
## HEAD OFFICE:

One Sansome Street  
San Francisco 20, California



MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM  
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

## SPORT



NASHUA BY A HEAD AT HIALEAH\*  
Just \$47,745 poorer than Citation.

### Millionaire Horse

Charging past the 16th pole, the four great horses seemed almost to be running in harness. Tensely the crowd at Florida's Hialeah race track watched the melee of heads and hoofs. The spectacle was a tribute to the talent of Handicapper Charles McLennon, who had carefully weighted the entrants in the mile-and-a-quarter Widener. There was Nashua (running for the first time since he was bought by a syndicate from the Woodward estate for \$1,251,200), lugging 127 lbs.; "the Big Horse" was inching up gamely on Alfred Vanderbilt's Find (114 lbs.). Between them, Brookmeade Stable's Sailor (110 lbs.), hung on under his own courage. On the outside was Vanderbilt's late-closing Social Outcast (121 lbs.).

It took a photo to separate the four; Jockey Eddie Arcaro had louted Nashua home by a head. Second was Social Outcast, third the tired Sailor. As a first dividend for his new owners, Nashua earned \$25,600, boosting his earnings to \$1,276,800, making him the second millionaire horse in turf history, just \$47,745 poorer than Citation.

### "Mother, I Did It!"

It seemed like the winter Olympics all over again. For the world championships, figure skaters had moved to the big ice stadium built by Adolf Hitler at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps. Colorado's Hayes Jenkins repeated his Cortina victory; when the women finished their school figures. Defending Champion Tenley Albright seemed to have a slight lead over Long Island's Carol Heiss, just as she had had in the Olympics. The "Skating Mothers" were still on hand, still complaining about accommodations, still intent on a family triumph.

"Mother!" moaned Carol when the early standings had her still skating in Tenley's shadow. "Now, now," soothed

Mrs. Heiss, who had not come to Germany to lose. "It's not over yet." She was right. The official school-figure scores gave Carol a slight lead. When the free skating began, the title was up for grabs.

Poised and confident as she had been at Cortina, Tenley skated out to repeat her Olympic routine. In her gold wool jersey, she danced across the ice to the music of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*. Satisfied with her performance, she said "If that doesn't do it, I can't do it."

Later, Carol made her bid, her green costume and rhinestone choker glittering through a light snowfall. She, too, repeated her Olympic performance. As she

☐ With Social Outcast-second, Sailor (5) third, and Find (2) fourth.



Peter Stockdale-LIFE  
WORLD CHAMPION HEISS  
Mother did not come to 100th.

whirled and leaped to the beat of Adolphus Adam's *If I Were King*, her near-flawless execution brought the chilled crowd to its feet. Even one of the judges broke into spontaneous applause. When the scores were announced, the 16-year-old trouper, after a long year of competition as an also-ran, was the world champion. "Mother," she cried, "I did it! I did it!"

### Poodle Triumphant

Tristram von der Fingern Lachen sneered down his wrinkled nose at the pampered dandies around him. His aristocratic toilet—a bath in olive oil and a dousing with detergent—had been completed at home. Great Danes are just too big to do all of their primping in public. But smaller breeds in the Westminster Kennel Club show at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week turned the rank and echoing Garden cellar into a tonsorial riot. Handlers and owners worked over their charges like anxious mothers. Long hair was stripped and scissored, combed and brushed; paws were groomed. "Of course it's illegal," muttered one handler vigorously covering black smudges with cornstarch. "But what in hell are you supposed to do when you have to travel 50 miles with a white poodle?"

Perambulating mops known as Yorkshire terriers had their fragile silken locks bound up in wax paper and rubber bands whenever they were out of the ring; often they wore woolen booties to keep from scratching up their own coiffures. But the most pampered were the poodles. Ch. Wilber White Swan, a tiny (just 6 lbs.) four-year-old poodle, patiently put up with hours of clipping, shearing, shampooing (with bluing), and, of course, the inevitable endless bout with brush and comb. Some 70 toy poodles, including eight of Wilber's get, stole the show.

The U.S. is in the midst of a toy-poodle vogue. The carefully trimmed bundles of fluff have been dogs of fashion since the days of Queen Anne. In the U.S., poodles took a long time catching on. Only 50 of them were registered in the American Kennel Club by 1930. Not until the early 1950s did dog lovers in large numbers discover that poodles are as bright and companionable as they are susceptible to ostentatious hairdos. Last year there were 16,601 registered with the A.K.C.

A proud toy-poodle owner, who also happens to be a hi-fi fan, tried to explain the phenomenon at the Garden last week. "This is one more sign of what you might call sophistication for the masses. The poodle is purely and simply a luxury dog, no suggestion of proletarian practicality."

☐ For shows, the most popular toy-poodle ton-sure is the English saddle cut, designed to leave the little dogs looking like lions. On Wilber's 100th cousin, the standard poodle, the saddle cut once served a purpose. When the standard was used as a working field dog, the heavy mane around the head and neck protected heart and lungs while swimming in icy water. Shaved hindquarters aided swimming, while tufts of hair on legs and haws warmed the joints when blood runs close to the skin. The fancy topknot and powder-puff tail helped mark the animal when working in dense undergrowth.



Dodge Custom Royal Lancer V-8 4-door Hardtop

See Chrysler Corporation's great TV shows "Shower of Stars" and "Climax" Thursday nights, CBS-TV

## Before you buy any car...you should know these important facts!

No matter what car you're driving or what price range you're interested in—you won't get nearly so much for your money in a new car as in a car of **THE FORWARD LOOK '56**. Here's why:

There's just one really fresh idea in car design this year. **THE FLIGHTSWEEP**—the new, clean line that races from headlight to upswept rear tail fin. And only **THE FORWARD LOOK '56** has it!

There's one really new driving convenience this year. **PUSHBUTTON POWER-ELITE**. With a finger-touch, you're set to go! It comes to you, after years of testing, from **THE FORWARD LOOK**!

There are new braking systems—only in the five cars of **THE FORWARD LOOK '56**. New, larger, and even more efficient engines... new LifeGuard Safety Door Latches... exclusive full-width rear-

door 4-door hardtops! And only these five cars for 1956 bring you the incomparable driving ease and control of full-time Safety Touch Power Steering!

You'll find a wealth of styles to choose from. In a Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler or exclusive Imperial, there's more that's new and tight for you, than in any other car in its class. For the most for your money, see your dealer now!



**THE FLIGHT SWEEP**, newest design note with upswept fins! Only **THE FORWARD LOOK '56** has it!



**PUSHBUTTON POWER-ELITE**, greatest advance in driving ease and control! Proven by years of testing!



**FULL-TIME POWER STEERING!** There's nothing like it! Other cars offer you only part-time devices!

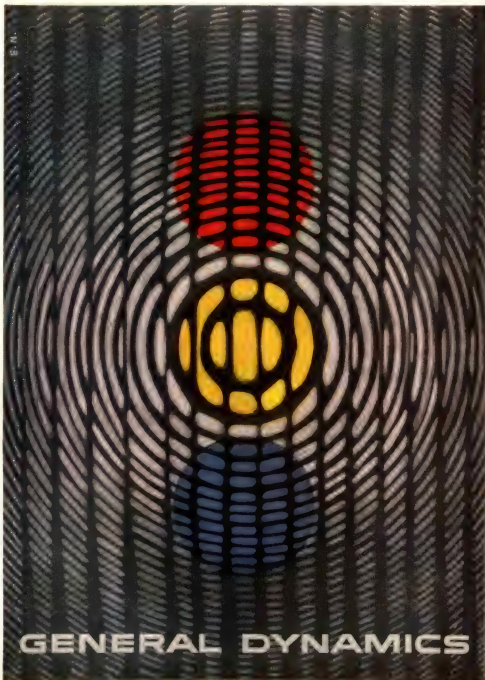


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Power for Peace... New applications of the dynamics of the physical world—nuclear fission, solar energy and atomic fusion—aided by electronic automation, may bring us within our lifetimes limitless supplies of power. Consequent transformations of agriculture and industry, medicine and biology, transportation and communication, might then free all men from economic and political slavery; unite all men and all nations in an enduring peace.



**GENERAL DYNAMICS**

GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION • 445 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



no good for hunting, at least not any more; no good for herding sheep; no good for tracking convicts. The American people are getting more of the good things in life all the time—things that used to belong to the aristocracy: sailboats, golf, good music. Why not poodles? The poodle vogue is something like hi-fi—or maybe I should say hi-fido."

In the competition such sturdy animals as Tristram the Great Dane and



More K.A.A. action—Sports commentary  
CH. WILBER WHITE SWAN  
Hi-fido.

Dryad's Conversation Piece, a Newfoundland, dropped out early, their only consolation the blue ribbons in their own classes. When the call went out for best in show, Wilber White Swan strutted onstage like a cocksure ham, flaunting his dog's conviction that he was a lot more of a dog than the other finalists—the boxer, the bloodhound, the English setter, the standard poodle and the Sealyham. The judge's vote made Wilber the first toy dog ever to win the high award. He may have looked like a useless household ornament, but to his owner, Long Island Dog Breeder Bertha Smith, he is a practical animal indeed. Said she proudly: "Wilber's stud fee will jump from \$250 to \$350."

## Scoreboard

¶ An astonished judge at the National A.A.U. games in Madison Square Garden looked at his measuring tape, rose from his knees, raised both hands and saluted deeply to Parry O'Brien. The burly Air Force lieutenant had heaved the 16-lb. shot 61 ft. 5½ in., breaking the indoor and outdoor records. Earlier, the New York Athletic Club's Bob Backus had flung the 35-lb., triangular-handled weight 63 ft. 10½ in., another record and another reminder that U.S. musclemen will be hard to match in next fall's Olympics.

¶ Less than 24 hours after she swam a world's record (5:06.7) 440-yd. free-style race at Sydney, Australia's Lorraine Crapp, 17, covered the distance once more, lowered the mark to 5:05.9. In the same pool another Australian youngster, Garry Chapman, 17, won the 220-yd. free-style with a world record 2:05.8.

## screenings...

# s-m-o-o-t-h from the start



Packaged and portable—Pick up your Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector and you're on the way.



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**Kodak**  
TRADE MARK



# The help America

By that time, there will be 192 million people—and they'll need a trillion kilowatt-hours a year to serve them

In 1955, Americans used more electricity than ever before in history—a record high of 547 billion kilowatt-hours.

This is over 40% of the world's entire production of electric power.

And yet, in eight to ten years, we believe the nation will be using twice as much electricity as it does today.

The electrical industry has planned ahead for this growth; more than 2,600,000 people are already at work—in producing electricity and in designing, manufacturing or selling the products which generate it and put it to use. And thousands of others help supply this industry with the materials and services necessary for growth. General Electric alone has over 40,000 suppliers.

On these pages are some of the reasons why we think the electrical industry will provide more jobs, better products, and a higher standard of living for everyone in the years ahead.

## GROWTH OF ELECTRICAL EMPLOYMENT

(Includes estimated employment in utilities, electrical manufacturing, electrical contracting, in the electrical wholesale and retail trade, and in electrical service and repair.)



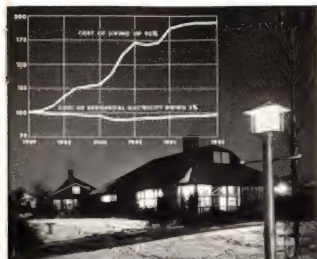
If you would like us to send a copy of our 1955 Annual Report, with an account of our preparation for the future, write to General Electric, Dept. 2A-119, Schenectady, N. Y. Your copy will be sent to you early in April.

1965  
electricity  
can equal  
90 SERVANTS

TODAY  
electricity  
equals  
41 SERVANTS  
in the home



# gets from electricity can double by 1965



**Electricity is "Today's Greatest Bargain."** A dollar today buys even more electricity than it did in 1939. Is it any wonder that the average U. S. family now uses more than three times as much electric power as it did then? To help make this possible, General Electric's most efficient turbine-generators today produce twice as much electricity, per pound of fuel, as most power plants a few years ago.



**Electricity will work harder in industry.** By 1965, the average manufacturing worker can have at his command electricity equal to the human energy of 500 strong men—34,000 kilowatt-hours a year. By extending the productive arm of working men and women, electric power makes possible jobs requiring skill and judgment—helps create new industries and greater employment opportunities.



**Today's electrical products forecast tomorrow's.** G.E.'s "Living Kitchen" above is an example. More than 70,000 General Electric people are already at work on new types of products we didn't make 15 years ago. And the company, along with the rest of the industry, will continue to make a substantial investment in research and engineering—seeking new ways to make electricity more useful.



**The electrical industry is planning for the future.** As a part of this industry, General Electric has invested more than a billion dollars in new plants and equipment since World War II. In the next three years, the company expects to spend another \$500 million to prepare for continued electrical progress—progress that will be shared by customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the nation.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

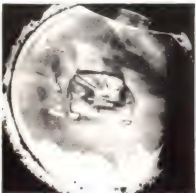
**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

## SCIENCE

### Heat-Sensitive Eva

Electronic devices for seeing in very dim light have become commonplace, but all of them are blind in total darkness. Last week Baird Associates, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass. showed a recently declassified "camera" that needs no light at all, only infra-red (heat) radiation from faintly warm objects.

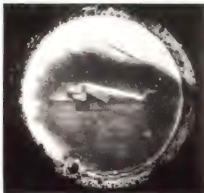
Baird's Evaporograph (Eva for short) is based on a prewar German idea which until recently was not followed up diligently. It has a concave mirror which concentrates heat rays as the mirror of an astronomical telescope concentrates light.



Baird Associates workers had lots of fun looking at distant islands in Boston harbor on pitch-black nights and taking dark-room pictures of the office staff. One of the girls, photographed by the heat-rays flowing out of her skin, proved to have a cold nose.

But Eva (cost: \$8,000) was not built for such frivolity. The military uses are obvious. Blacked-out cities whose warmth cannot be eliminated, will stand out conspicuously on Eva's screen. An underground factory will be betrayed by heat rising from it.

Many nonmilitary uses are also showing up. Since Eva was declassified, Baird



used for heating, the same amount of thrust costs less than one-seventieth as much as with a solid-fuel rocket. Other heat sources would be even cheaper.

Michely has tested his hot-water rocket only on the ground, but he thinks it has a bright future in the air, both for horizontally and vertically launched aircraft. Besides its cheapness, it is comparatively safe because of its low pressure and temperature, and its single valve is its only moving part.

### Watching the Watchman

As machines get more complicated, quick-acting and violent, they are more prone to self-destruction if something goes wrong. Some nuclear reactors, for instance, can turn into radioactive junk in a fraction



OIL-FILM PICTURES (AUTO, AIRPLANE, WARM GIRL WITH COLD GLASSES)

Hearts are yellow; noses are blue.

Just before they come to a focus, the rays enter a vacuum chamber through a sheet of salt (transparent to infra-red) and form their image on the blackened surface of a thin sheet of plastic. The other side of the plastic is covered with a film of silicone oil.

When the heat-ray image forms on the plastic, the "bright" parts of it are warmer than the dim parts. Their heat passes through the plastic and evaporates part of the oil film, making it locally thinner. When light is turned on the oil film, it glows in the bright "interference" colors of an oil slick floating on water. The colors have nothing to do with the real colors in visible light of the object that Eva is viewing. They show thin or thick parts of the oil film—and therefore outline the object by its temperature. Hot parts show in one color, cool parts in another, Eva can distinguish differences in temperature.

When Eva looks at an airplane in total darkness, the hot engine parts may show up yellow while the cold wings look blue. A heated house is visible against its cooler background, and factory chimneys stand out conspicuously with trails of hot gas. The heat-pictures on the film are bright enough to be photographed in black and white or color with an ordinary camera. A picture can be erased by heating the film momentarily and evaporating all the oil. In about two seconds the oil film forms again, ready for another picture.

Associates has been getting inquiries from industries that want to chart hot spots in electronic apparatus, find flaws in hot metal parts. Another obvious use is to check the insulation of a building by taking a snapshot of the heat escaping through its walls.

### Hot-Water Rocket

Many airplanes, especially heavy-laden bombers, are launched by booster (jato) rockets whose powerful push gets them into the air without too long a take-off run. The rockets are expensive, whether they use liquid or solid fuel, so the West German Ministry of Transport asked jet-propulsion experts to evaluate hot-water rockets, a prewar German idea that never got a thorough tryout. Recently, Physicist Werner Michely told a meeting at Freudenstadt that hot-water booster rockets look promising.

Michely constructed a simple device: a strong-walled pressure vessel with a valve and a nozzle at one end. When used as a rocket booster, it is filled with 66 lbs. of water heated electrically to 504° F. The water cannot boil because it is confined, but its pressure rises to 50 atmospheres (7.35 lbs. per sq. in.). When the valve is opened, part of the water turns into steam, and a jet of steam and water spurts out at 1,140 m.p.h. The reaction, Michely claims, can push an airplane forward just as efficiently as a fuel-burning rocket, and much more cheaply. When electricity is

of a second. To avoid such misadventures most modern mechanical and electronic systems are equipped with built-in monitors that watch their operation and shut them down promptly at the first sign of trouble. But if a vacuum tube or relay in the monitor fails, the main machine is like a building whose night watchman has dropped dead. Trouble can start and get out of hand with no one to correct it or give the alarm.

In *Control Engineering*, W. G. Rowell of Scully Signal Co. and A. B. Van Rennes of M.I.T. describe a method that they have invented for "watching the watchman." The monitor as usual watches all operations of the machine, but when everything is going well, it does not merely sit back and give a "safe" signal. Instead it gives a rapid alternation of safe and unsafe signals. Unless this alternation continues, proving that the monitor is alert and on the job, the machine will shut itself off. If any part of the machine fails (including its readiness to shut itself off if the monitor fails), the wide-awake monitor steps in and stops everything.

Rowell and Van Rennes believe that this basic principle of "exercising" the monitor to prove that it is still alert can be applied to anything from airplane controls to chemical factories. It will not keep them from failing, but it should make them "fail safe," even when the electronic watchman has died on the job.



## WE'RE BUYING TWO HOURS FOR \$250 MILLION

They call this Canadian-U. S. project the DEW line. When finished it will give us two extra hours warning of an enemy H-bomb attack

There are tracks on the once trackless wastes inside the Arctic Circle. Cat-powered tractor trains are crawling across the endless horizon hauling materials and supplies for the greatest Arctic construction project in history—the Distant Early Warning (DEW) line.

When completed, an uninterrupted line of radar stations will stretch from the Yukon to Greenland keeping a round-the-clock vigil for enemy jet bombers. It will flash word to our population centers two hours sooner than we would get it now. That two-hour advantage will cost \$250,000,000. It's a bargain.

To gain those 120 minutes, brave construction men are working in temperatures which sometimes plunge to 70 below. A combination of air lift and

Cat-powered trains have brought in much of the material, including entire prefabricated buildings.

The "Cat" stands for Caterpillar, the big yellow tractors that pull the trains across the frozen north. Other Cat track-type Tractors hew out landing strips by cutting down snow to bare ice and blaze roads through timber frozen so solidly that it's as hard as steel.

Caterpillar equipment has a proud heritage in this part of the world. It helped build Thule Air Base in Greenland and the Alcan highway through the frozen reaches of the north. Contractors can't pick the type of terrain in which they work. But they can—and do—pick Caterpillar equipment for the tough jobs.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.



**CATERPILLAR**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
 DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS  
 EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

**LEADERSHIP  
 IN ACTION**

# You can keep the slums



Your house may be part of a slum before you finish paying off the mortgage. If you think that this can't happen to you, remember, every house in the shabbiest section of your town was once brand-new.

Neighborhoods go to pieces when the homes in them must house too many families . . . when a town's growth runs wild . . . when zoning laws fall victim to opportunistic nibbling.

The first sign of blight in your neighborhood can be a broken step here, peeling paint there, or a cracked

sidewalk next door. As it spreads, its presence is felt by the entire community in terms of pride, juvenile delinquency, crime and dollars out of everyone's pocket.

"I'm not worried," you say. "I keep my own house up and my neighbors do the same. The places we live in won't go to ruin."

But what about that run-down district downtown? That's part of your town, too, and its slum influence reaches out into all neighborhoods!

*Published as a public service by* **CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY,**  
*sponsor of the film "Man of Action," now being released nationally*

S E R V I N G   I N D U S T R Y



S E R V I N G   A M E R I C A





away from your door!

**FIVE MILLION HOMES ARE ROCK-BOTTOM SLUMS**

Something *can* be done about the decayed portions of our cities and towns. These are serious problems, and must be tackled in a serious way. Needed are a good local government, intelligent planning, and a return of community pride. All can be achieved only when those who live in a community work together, and call

on specialized help that is available.

A.C.T.I.O.N.—the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, Inc.—is a national non-profit organization formed to collect and disseminate information to individuals and groups interested in the opportunities of home and community improvement. Send for a free copy of their booklet, "ACTION." It tells ways you and others who may join with you can help protect the housing health of your community. Address P. O. Box 462, Radio City Station, New York 20, N. Y.



**American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods**

NEW

DEPARTURES OF TOMORROW



**TOMORROW:** Choose items from the monitor screen; electronic impulses select, assemble, deliver your order, total your bill and return your change.



**TODAY:** New Departure ball bearings in today's business machines keep intricate moving parts functioning smoothly, quietly within precision tolerances. Accuracy is maintained even after long use.

A week's shopping in minutes! And you haven't moved from your car. It's that simple at the Drive-In Market of tomorrow. **Just select your items from the monitor screen; electronic impulses select, assemble, deliver your order, total your bill and return your change.**

It's just a dream away! And when it takes shape, look for New Departure to provide the proper bearings to keep all moving parts functioning smoothly. New Departure ball bearings keep parts in perfect alignment, support loads from any angle and require little or no maintenance.

If you're nursing a new idea involving moving parts, call on New Departure for top quality bearings and thorough engineering service.

NEW DEPARTURE • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT



**NEW DEPARTURE**  
BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

## THE THEATER

### New Plays in Manhattan

The *Ponder Heart* (adapted from Eudora Welty's story by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov) puts all its slightly addled eggs in one basket—the basket of charm. Since they are really all Easter eggs to begin with, the thing works out very well. The whole Southern small-town tale of a lovable, eccentric ne'er-do-well put on trial for murder has a light pastel daffiness about it, a way of making life look delightfully woozy through wrong-prescription rose-colored glasses.

Rich, bighearted, wackish Uncle Daniel Ponder has among other benefactions



DAVID WAYNE & SARAH MARSHALL  
All the addled eggs in one basket

married a pretty little birdbrain (Sarah Marshall) and brought her—with her love of household gadgets—to a house without electricity, where she dies, at length, of fright during a thunderstorm. Prodded by an ambitious lawyer, her back-country kin charge Uncle Daniel with murdering her. The trial—of a modern-day Uncle Toby—calls to mind the trials in *Pickwick* and *Alice in Wonderland*. With cousins on the jury, kids overrunning the witness box, refreshments being served, Uncle Daniel first disappearing and then hiring the prosecution lawyer to handle the defense as well, it not so much travesties court trials as stands them squarely, and often hilariously, on their heads.

A slight tale, the play retains a good deal of Eudora Welty's delicate tailoring. It can be as chatty and dawdling as a rural postman. But as against the flails and wind machines that keep most Broad-

way comedies in motion, *The Ponder Heart* catches a fresh and genuine creative breeze. For the most part, too, it moves along without having to wear either the pretty-pretty ballet slippers of fantasy or the hobnailed boots of farce. In a good production David Wayne's Uncle Daniel is outstanding: he plays the part not with small studio strokes, but with a fine, free-wheeling manner and a whole-grained physical sense of the man.

*Someone Waiting* (by Emlyn Williams) starts off with an English youth being hanged for the murder of a Swedish girl. Convinced that someone else is guilty, the youth's father gets a job, under an alias, in the household where the murder took place. In next to no time he has discovered the true murderer and worked out a proper revenge, but he is an unconscionable time pulling it off.

It's not that papa's revenge plot isn't clever: it's that Playwright Williams is so much cleverer throwing monkey wrenches into it. What with the wrong person turning up at the right moment, or the right person at the wrong one, or somebody showing funk or something important disappearing there is endless gang-aft-aggling, and *Someone Waiting* seems more an obstacle race than a thriller. Never believable in time it becomes something of a bore, and though Leo G. Carroll plays the father with his usual deftness, it is on the audience that he really seems to be taking revenge.

### Old Play in Manhattan

A *Streetcar Named Desire* rumbled into Manhattan's City Center with Tallulah Bankhead on board. On hand to erect it were a good many first-nighters who plainly expected Alabama Bankhead's playing to make a comic football of Tennessee Williams' play. They could not have been more wrong: it was the audience that acted up, not the star.

But in her serious effort at portraying Blanche Du Bois's neurotic downhill journey, did Tallulah herself sweep onward and upward in triumph? Unfortunately no. Such a result belongs to the dream world that Blanche inhabits, not to the real world that Tallulah evokes. Too often frustrated, tremulous Blanche was one thing, leopard-like Tallulah another; and they could not exchange their spots. Instead of genteel make-believe, there was a kind of barbaric grand manner.

All the same, Tallulah was not only, in her own way, often remarkable, but she never really distorted the sense of the play. There was about her something not just Southern, but stricken: the horror aroused by the past, the clutched hope for the future, the crumbling desperation of the moment. If she missed pathos, she was fumbling, at least, after tragedy. The whole performance, indeed, might have come off a real tour de force—except that Tallulah's inherent force was the one thing alien to the part.



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WITH BARBARA STANWYCK IN "GOLDEN BOY" (1939)



WITH GLORIA SWANSON IN "SUNSET BOULEVARD" (1950)

J. R. Eickman—Lit.

## The Conquest of Smiling Jim

[See Cover]

"Yeah? This is Holden. Yeah. Marty. Hold it a sec." The muscular man with the hard eyes palms the phone. "I'll take those letters now, Miss Moller." The voice is hard, too, even sexy in a nasal way. Holden flips a Parliament into the corner of his mouth. "Marty? Shoot." Miss Moller brings the letters. Holden stands up suddenly and paces the floor, still listening. His brogues gleam richly on the broadloom, his tie is tensed into a merciless Yale knot. "Yeah, boy. Versteht. Versteht." He sits down, props the phone with his left shoulder, reads the letters with fierce concentration, signs them. Miss Moller leaves the room. "You do that, Marty. Yeah. Get back to me Monday. No, I'm tied up. Make it noon. No—" He squints at the ceiling. "Say 12:30. Oh, Lucey's. See ya, boy." He hangs up, bounds from his chair, grabs a sharp Tyrolean felt. "I'll be over in dubbing," he flings over his shoulder as he hurries out.

The man in a hurry is William Holden, and he has no doubt where he is going. He is going to make a million dollars. He is going to make his first independent picture, a movie called *Toward the Unknown*, about a jet flyer, and the reason he is racing his engine is that half the population of Hollywood is hell-bent in the same exciting direction. The movie colony is now off, like a merrily misguided missile, on another of its whilom whooshes toward the unknown. Spang in the middle of a firm prosperity, the production pattern of three decades is dissolving. The mighty major studios, which have dominated U.S. moviemaking since L. B. Mayer founded the M-G-Mpire, have been brought to humbling terms by a spectacular revolt of the stars. Hollywood, which thought it had seen everything, is seeing something new beneath the California sun: the cinemogul with a profile.

Loosed from their contractual shackles

during the great television scare, and thirsty for the taste of tax relief, a host of famous actors have saddled up their "horseback corporations" and gone storming after creative control of U.S. film production. They have won an amazing measure of it. Jimmy Stewart made the breach, and Burt Lancaster, John Wayne, Alan Ladd, Gary Cooper and a score of others have followed. Almost two-thirds of film production at Warner and Columbia is now in the hands of independents. Paramount and Fox are yielding to the trend. Even rich old M-G-M had to make concessions; as many as ten independent pictures may be made on the Metro lot in 1956, and in many cases the mouse has nibbled deep into the Lion's share of the profits.

The new lords of the celluloid jungle are a rugged breed. They have to be. When the actor is a businessman, what he says in conference can matter more than how he says his lines. He must learn how to pick a story as well as play it, fire an actress on the set as well as set her on fire. And while he is at it, he should learn to direct the director. His days are spent in a nerve-shattering series of quick dissolves from the lawyer to the tax man to the agent to the press, and no matter what he looks like on the screen, his very best scenes had better be played at the bank. "The matinee idol of the Eisenhower era," cracked a Hollywood reporter, "is a man in a grey flannel suit."

**Among the Greats.** No figure in film-land is wearing the new uniform of success with more dynamic distinction than William Holden. At 21 he was the boy wonder of Hollywood. At 31 he was just another "second lead" on Paramount's waiting list. At 37 he is as hot a drawing card as any in Hollywood's hand. Last week, for the second year in a row, Actor Holden won what Hollywood regards as a most signif-

icant seal of approval: the Photoplay Award. It means, the moviemakers agree, that—at least for the time being—William Holden is the man of the average American woman's dreams.

For the second year in a row he stands among the Big Ten in the box-office ratings. His latest picture—*Picnic*, based on William Inge's Pulitzer Prize play—opened last week in Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall. His 14-year contract with Paramount (one of the longest now in force at any studio) still has 9½ years to run, at \$80,000 a picture—with all sorts of side deals that easily double its value. Holden has crashed the inner circle of the greats—Cooper, Gable, Crosby, Wayne. He gets 1,500 fan letters a week, from both sexes and all age groups. The critics respect him and so do the best directors. Billy Wilder calls him "the ideal motion-picture actor"; a well-known teacher of acting in Hollywood says flatly that Holden is "the best movie actor of his generation."

**This is a Movie Star?** To moviegoers who remember Valentino's Latin flourishes, John Gilbert's burning eyes or the leering sensuality of the young Clark Gable, Bill Holden may appear a singularly commonplace mutation. He is, it is true, the athletic type, with a graceful flow of well-conditioned muscle. But his face has the curious neutrality of a composite photograph of everybody's favorite movie star. "A map of the United States," a friend calls it. "All those meaningless straight lines." It is, on the whole, an open and agreeable map, for Bill Holden is a forthright and likable man. But in recent years the brow has been seamed with ridges of tension and the cheeks with little gullies of exhaustion, and the gee-whiz expression of a student-council president has given way to something like the keen suburban glitter of a man who's going to get there, come what matter what.

"Is this what the women of America want?" asks a Hollywood producer. "You mean to tell me that the great lover of

## CINEMA



WITH FELLOW PRISONERS IN "STALAG 17" (1953)



WITH KIM NOVAK IN "PICNIC" (1956)

our time is a civic booster who recently served on the Los Angeles Park Commission? I don't get it. No blue suede shoes, no moldy sweatshirts. He doesn't walk down Sunset Boulevard with an ocelot. He doesn't even have a Filipino houseboy. This is a movie star? He goes to P.T.A. meetings. He has been married to the same woman for 15 years. His swimming pool is not in the shape of a grand piano or a thyroid gland. And have you heard? He wears the tops and bottoms of his pajamas, both."

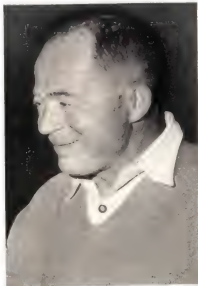
**An \$18 Edge.** It is all true, but it is only half the truth. The grey flannel suit has a scarlet lining, and though Bill generally keeps it hidden, he is secretly proud that it is there. He has a savage temper, and it is no respecter of persons. The studio grips can catch it if they talk too much on the set, and so can the director. When Bill gets too tense, which is frequently, he drinks to relax, and he drinks too much. "It costs him \$18," says a friend, "to get an edge on." Before he does a scene he usually takes a few belts. On the set, "Warm up the ice cubes" is often enough his grinning way of saying good morning.

To his friends, Bill's drinking is less frightening than his need for danger. "I don't really know why," he admits, "but danger has always been an important thing in my life—to see how far I could lean without cracking up." He drives his Thunderbird like a brat out of hell, but he handles it skillfully. He likes nothing better than to boot it down to Palm Springs (114 miles) on a moonlight night in two hours flat. In his pictures he does all his own stunts—leaping aboard a freight train that is moving 30 m.p.h., dropping off a 15-ft. house front, vaulting a 6-ft. fence into the saddle and riding away. He is a masterly horseman, and the wilder the animal the better he likes it.

On a dare Bill Holden will do almost anything. One cold California night he

dived into a swimming pool with an Aqua-Lung and proved to a friend that he could stay underwater for half an hour. He came out blue but happy. For some reason, Holden, a trained gymnast, likes to lower himself from outside a window-sill, hang there and look around. Once during a conference with Director Joshua Logan, who is terrified of heights, Bill calmly walked over to the window, opened it, stepped out and hung by one arm over ten stories of nothing. While Logan "turned to jelly," Holden blandly continued the conversation.

How does Holden reconcile the citizen on the Park Commission with the character who is hanging out the window? The tension of these opposites seems to be his pressing problem, yet the tension he can oftentimes relieve before the camera



DIRECTOR BILLY WILDER  
The way to act: don't.

with a gesture of creation. Holden's talent as an actor is not large, as he readily admits, but he uses it with an almost ferocious sincerity, and with an intelligence much keener than some men with greater gifts enjoy.

**Picnic.** These qualities are shiningly in evidence in *Picnic*—in which he is mis-cast. The hero of the Inge play (rewritten for the screen by Dan Taradash and directed by Josh Logan) is a sex bomb, and the drama describes what happens after he explodes on a small Midwestern town one summer's day. Every woman in the vicinity—to wit, Betty Field, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg and Rosalind Russell—falls flat, or wants to. But Holden isn't having any. He's a simple sort of joe who lost a piece of his soul in childhood and a part of his wits on the football field. All he wants is a job. "I gotta get someplace in this world," he tells an old college chum. "I just gotta."

The friend promises to get him work, and they all go off to the annual Labor Day picnic—a wonderfully splashy mess of cinematic mulligatawny. At the picnic both Kim and the schoolteacher make a pass at the boy. Kim thinks she loves him because he doesn't merely tell her that she's pretty; he treats her like a human being, too. Roz, however, is a middle-aged schoolteacher who knows what she's after, and when she doesn't get her man, she goes vindictively to pieces in public—and the scene breaks up in scandal.

In the part, Bill was asked not only to portray a man far younger than himself, but to imitate a type completely opposite to his own—a feat especially difficult on the screen. For a good cinemac-tor, there is only one way to act: don't. The camera comes so close that the slightest insincerity can be seen. Bill's whole experience has taught him not to play a part, but to play himself in the part. Within his limits, Bill has made himself a master of the movie method;





Murray Garrett—Graphic House

#### THE HOLDENS AT HOME: Father goes to P.T.A. meetings.

among cinemactors, his style is classic in its careless care, its seamless seeming. "He is beyond acting," says Billy Wilder. "He is there."

In the *Picnic* part, however, the old way would not work, and Bill was made most mightily to stretch his soul. It would not always stretch, but at moments Holden grasps perfectly the schoolboy shame of a man who has been "left down" in life. Or again, in the horseplay at the picnic, he hits off exactly the lool in his natural element, as mindless as a baloon in a tree. Best of all, he brings out in the love scenes some real sense of how the depths of a man are seized and shaken up when he truly feels the power of a woman. Even so, in the balance, the lapses in Bill's acting weigh the most, and the greatest of these failures is emotional. In playing the part of a man who is little more than an animal, Bill seems unable to free the animal forces in himself.

**Apron Strings.** The story of how the beast was put in a cage began in O'Fallon, Ill., about 20 miles east of St. Louis, where William Franklin Beedle was born on April 17, 1918. His father was a chemist, his mother a schoolteacher. When Bill was four the family moved to Pasadena, and there in the California sun the boy grew up with no more trouble than an orange. His father had a good job in the fertilizer business, and his mother trained young Bill firmly to the trellis of middle-class respectability. Bill was a good little boy—almost too good. He did all his homework, sat straight at table, sang in two choirs, and took responsibility or a spanking if he didn't. His father, a gymnast, gave the boy a physical training to match the social discipline; at the age of eight he could tumble like a circus brat.

"Everybody liked Bill," his mother remembers. "He was an angel." He was ex-

pected to be, but sometimes the natural devil took the hindmost. One dark night Bill threw a straw man onto the highway in front of a passing car. As the brakes screeched, he hid in the bushes with a friend, and they laughed themselves silly. All at once they stopped, as out of the car two burly policemen appeared. For the next six weeks the boys spent their spare time at the station house, memorizing traffic regulations.

Such adventures came but seldom. Bill was not the boy to notice that the apron strings of Pasadena propriety were holding him as fast as a straitjacket. All went well enough until Bill was in his teens, when suddenly he was overcome by an urge to experience danger. Soon he was making a good part of his spending money from boys who bet him he couldn't jump a 4½-ft. fence of iron spikes from a standing position, and every once in a while, "just for the hell of it," he would walk along the outer rail of Pasadena's "suicide bridge" on his hands, apparently indifferent to the 190-ft. drop that awaited the least slip. He longed to be a member of Victor McLaglen's motorcycle corps of trick riders, and when he was 16 his father got him a secondhand cycle. For the next few years Bill rode blissfully about the streets of Pasadena, standing on the seat.

In a more constructive direction, Bill also had half a hanker to be a musician, and in his spare time picked up a fair proficiency on two instruments—clarinet and piano—and a real professional sheen on two others—drums and bones. At almost everything his timing and coordination were exceptional—though, curiously, he could never learn to dance very well—and they showed to brilliant effect when-

ever he was on a stage. In the sixth grade he played Rip Van Winkle in the school play, and made a hit with all the mothers. He decided he might like to be an actor, if only fate would preserve him from the fertilizer business.

**All There.** Fate went to considerable trouble to do just that. When Bill was 20 and a second-year student at Pasadena Junior College, he got a chance at the part of Madame Curie's father in a play at the Pasadena Playbox. On opening night a Paramount talent scout, Milt Lewis, went to see the play. He couldn't see Bill for the whiskers, but he liked Bill's voice, and went backstage to see what the rest of him was like. Says Milt: "It was all there." He invited Bill to Paramount next day for an interview. "Sorry," the young man said, coolly, "I've got to take an exam." Milt was so flabbergasted that he stood still for an appointment later in the week.

Two weeks later Bill had a movie contract (\$50 a week) but what about a name? "Beedle!" exclaimed a Paramount executive. "It sounds like an insect." Just then his secretary announced that William Holden, a West Coast newsmen, was on the wire. That took care of the name, now all Bill needed was a part. Fate got busy again. Over at Columbia, Director Rouben Mamoulian saw Bill's screen test, grabbed him for the title role of *Golden Boy*, the Clifford Odets play about a young pug who could hit like Marciano and fiddle like Paganini.

First day on the set, Bill was pale with fright—and exhaustion. What with violin and boxing lessons, he was working 17 hours a day. To calm his fears he called his mother as many as five times a day, and to conceal them he began to give veteran Mamoulian a little friendly guidance on how the show should be done. He almost got fired. Suddenly he had a two-day nervous collapse. Barbara Stanwyck, the star, came to his rescue. Every night, no matter how hard the day's work, she gave him a private rehearsal of the next day's scenes. Says Bill: "She pulled me through." To this day he sends her red roses every year on the anniversary of the day the picture started.

**The Hollywood Life.** The picture was a hit, and the Holden boy was the golden boy of Hollywood. From the easy life in Pasadena he was transported to the easy life in Hollywood. Hollywood, however, is not so easy as it looks, and besides, as Bill's mother warned him, there is an "abyss" between the moral standards of the two communities. Half of him, the half that walked the suicide bridge, longed to live it up in high Hollywood style; but the other half, the nice boy from Pasadena, gave him a murderous moral hangover the next day.

Meanwhile, Bill's career hit a few snags. He was soon typed as "the boy next door," a sort of "Smiling Jim" whose whole-charm went quickly stale. His private life, however, took a turn for the better. He met a young actress named Brenda Marshall (real name: Ardis Ankersen). One Saturday night Bill and Ardis flew to Las

© Wife: Ardis. Sons: "Wes" (12) and Scott (6). Stepdaughter Virginia (18) is at school in Manhattan.



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Vegas and got married. Eight months later Bill enlisted in the Army Air Forces, and for the better part of four years, except for occasional leaves, he was away from home, mostly with entertainment and P.R. units in Connecticut and Texas.

Bill had left Paramount a boy; he came back a man who meant business. By 1946 he had three children (two boys, and a girl born of Ardis' first marriage) as well as a wife to support, and he intended to make a good job of it. At the studio gate he got his first shock: the gatekeeper said he had never heard of William Holden, and refused to let him in. In the executive offices he got another: moviegoers had forgotten all about William Holden, and the big bosses saw no particular reason to remind them of his existence. It was seven months before Bill got a part, and then it was just another chance to play Smiling Jim. He took it. He took almost anything he could get, and in the next three years appeared in a depressing total of 17 pictures.

He was adequate in all of them, and in a few (as the widower in *Rachel and the Stranger*, as the psychopath in *The Dark Past*) he was better than that. But whenever he took his fight for better parts to the front office, he got the same cold shoulder and the same cold talk: "Face it, kid. You got no sex appeal. What can you do with that face? It looks like a baby's behind." Bill took such talk and came back for more. For the first time in his life he was really fighting—not for Pasadena, not for Hollywood, but for something of his own; and something of his own began to show in his face.

Director Billy Wilder was shrewd enough to see it. He signed Holden for the role of the mixed-up gigolo in *Sunset Boulevard*. The critics cheered, and chose Holden the best actor of 1950; but the public was still not wildly enthusiastic. One day in a supermarket—after 14 years as a Hollywood headliner—Bill saw a woman staring at him. "Young man," she finally said, "you really ought to be in pictures. You look so much like Alan Ladd."

**That Kisser.** The fight for parts went on, and in fighting for himself, Bill found himself fighting for others. He was elected a vice president of the Screen Actors' Guild, and slugged it out with the big studios in many a negotiation, with quick wit and a sharp mind that grew more analytical the more it saw of Hollywood. At the same time, Bill came to understand the problems of the big executives, and to wish a little wistfully sometimes that they were his to solve. *Force of Arms*, *Submarine Command*, *Boots Malone*—his face, though it was slowly maturing, was still his misfortune. "Do me a favor, Bill," a director wisecracked. "Go on over to Sunset Boulevard and let a truck run over that kisser."

All at once, in 1953, Bill broke through. In the midst of a box-office slump, three Holden pictures—*Stalag 17*, *The Moon Is Blue*, *Escape from Fort Bravo*—hit hard. And for *Stalag*, in which he played a scrounging U.S. sergeant in a German

prison camp, Holden won an Oscar as the year's best actor. He deserved it. The boy next door had become the type in the back room, with rat-grey skin and rat-quick eyes and a furtive softness in the way he moved; for the first time, Bill had almost managed to lose himself in a part. After seeing the picture, one fan who came in late remarked: "That man was wonderful—and you know, he looks an awful lot like William Holden."

**Culture & Contracts.** After the Oscar, Bill had his pick of parts at every studio, and he picked them shrewdly. With each successive hit—*Executive Suite*, *Sabrina*,



STUNTSMAN HOLDEN.  
"I gotta get someplace."

*The Country Girl*, *The Bridges of Toko-Ri*—he grew bigger at the box office. From *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing* his studio is now sure to gross at least \$10 million.

With success assured, Bill has not relaxed. He has known the adrenal delights of executive existence, and he has no intention of giving them up. Acting does not give him the chance to express everything that is in him. If and when his popularity subsides, many a studio will be glad to get him as an executive, and one has already offered him a production unit of his own. Meanwhile, Bill is making the most, in a practical way, of his powerful position. Last year he traveled 135,000 miles for Paramount as an "ambassador of good will," selling Hollywood—and Bill Holden—in 16 countries. This year he will hit the road again: from Paris to Moscow, Cairo to Hong Kong. On the way he picks up culture as well as contacts—he has made

a handsome collection of primitive art, and has added a shelf of Asian and African music to his huge record library—but mostly he picks up facts, figures and feelings about the world he lives in. For at the back of his mind, Bill Holden holds a tantalizing thought: politics. Says a friend: "He would be a success in politics—a success at almost anything."

So far, however, Bill Holden has been truly happy at nothing. The tensions of the troubled years are tearing at him still. On the one side is the rampant do-gooder he feels he ought to be, forever inveighing against public lust and private indolence, and especially against all the varieties of flimflam, backscratch and general phoniness in which Hollywood abounds. Yet, on the other hand, Holden is a man who in his time has admittedly fired off as many cannon-crackers as the next man.

He often suffers from psychosomatic symptoms that range from actor's stomach to false coronary alarms. For a while he was plagued by the recurring sensation that his heart had stopped. Whenever the feeling came—and sometimes it came in the midst of public gatherings—he would rush out of the building and run around the block "to start my heart again."

Such tensions and complexities are far from rare in Hollywood. What is rare is the driving sincerity of William Holden, his almost complete lack of pretentiousness, his energetic blend of talent and intelligence, his simple human decency to other people. One of his directors sums him up as "the typical American boy who wanted to become a slob, but couldn't make the grade."

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**Naked Sea.** The saga of a tuna clipper: a fish story with some spectacular truth in it (TIME, Jan. 23).

**The Night My Number Came Up.** Thirteen people are caught in a dream that starts to come true: a low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave, George Rose (TIME, Jan. 23).

**The Man with the Golden Arm.** Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card; heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

**The Rose Tattoo.** Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film, gets the year's loudest laughs as she demonstrates why Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 19).

**Umberto D.** A man walks the plank of old age, and the Italian realist cinema dies with a gentle curse: Vittorio De Sica's most careful film (TIME, Dec. 12).

**Diabolique.** A wonderful little horror comic in French, with a moral: you can lead a corpse to water, but you can't make it sink (TIME, Dec. 5).

**Guys and Dolls.** Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beaut, but Sam made the prints too long (TIME, Nov. 14).



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## EDUCATION

### One-Way Ride

It was about 1 a.m. when the car stopped at a deserted spot in Lincoln, Mass., and then sped away, leaving behind a youth of 18. For Freshman Thomas Clark of M.I.T., this was the last part of his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Like nine other pledges who had been deposited about the countryside, he was left alone to get back to the M.I.T. campus, 14 miles away, as best he could, by 8 o'clock the next morning. But when morning came, Tom Clark had still not returned from what the Dekes call the "One-way ride."

After six hours, M.I.T. notified Tom's father, an official of the Illinois Bell Telephone Co., that his son must have met with some accident. Alfred R. Clark flew to Cambridge, broadcast a special appeal over TV for clues. Army and Navy helicopters flew over the area where Tom was last seen, and 100 M.I.T. fraternity men volunteered to join police in the search. But by the end of four days, only one lead had turned up. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sheehan of Waltham, Mass., reported that near 2 a.m. on initiation night, a boy answering Tom's description knocked at their door and asked to be driven "down the road to pick up my luggage." He said he was an M.I.T. student, but because of initiation rules, would not give his name. Suspicious, the Sheehans turned him away.

Last week the police found one more clue—a shoe and scarf lying near a glazed-over hole in the ice and snow covering the Cambridge reservoir. The scarf was identical with the one father Clark was wearing: his wife had given one to him and one to Tom for Christmas. Next day, when divers found Tom's body under the ice, authorities concluded that in the darkness he must have mistaken the reservoir for a snow-covered meadow. "Another victim," said Tom's father wearily, "of a criminal fraternity prank." At week's end, Deke national headquarters told its 51 chapters to see to it that there should be no such victim again.

### 'Bama Considers

An uneasy quiet lay over the University of Alabama, as if the campus had, for the present at least, been shocked into some semblance of sanity. The safety-first suspension of Negro Autherine Lucy still stood, but a good segment of 'Bama seemed to have decided that violence is not the answer to the problems raised by her admission (TIME, Feb. 20).

Had things been otherwise, there might well have been another eruption of rioting. One evening last week two Negro brothers beat up a university sophomore in the street because they wanted "to get even for the way they treated Miss Lucy." The police booked the brothers on a charge of attempted murder, whisked them out of town in the fear that there might be trouble. The trouble never came.

Meanwhile, about 20 students signed a

petition asking that Autherine be allowed to come back to her classes. Then, at a convocation of 7,000 students, President Oliver Cromwell Carmichael finally took a stand. He demanded that all students help maintain order to "remove the cloud which, in the minds of many, now hangs over our beloved alma mater." Though the university had fought by every legal means to keep segregation, he said, it could not fly in the face of a court decree ordering the trustees to take in a Negro. "No great university can afford to defy the laws of the land and thus set an example of lawlessness before its students



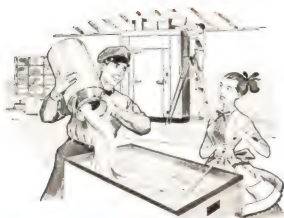
PRESIDENT CARMICHAEL  
Obey the law.

... Obviously, society could not long endure if its institutions of higher learning should array themselves at the side of lawlessness. . . . I believe I can count on each of you, both faculty and students, to cooperate in such manner as to make certain that the University of Alabama will be on the side of law and order."

Whether law and order will actually prevail if Autherine comes back, no one could tell. Led by a racist sophomore from Selma, Ala. named Leonard Wilson, a Tuscaloosa White Citizens' Council was determined to do everything possible to keep her away. But Autherine herself was equally determined. While waiting for the courts to hear the contempt charge she filed against the university trustees for suspending her, she has been living and studying at nonsegregated Talladega College (enrollment 2751, 118 miles from Tuscaloosa). She has even turned down a scholarship offer from the University of Copenhagen. Said she: "I keep hoping and praying that this disturbance caused by my desire for the best education I could get will come to an end soon. I still have faith it will work out for the best."



To whet America's appetite for packaged foods took some very special recipes... and the singular ingenuity of DIXIE CUP.



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### Then There Were None

Religious Emphasis Week at the University of Mississippi was rapidly approaching, and the committee on arrangements thought it had a solid list of guest speakers. Among them was the Rev. Alvin Kershaw of Oxford, Ohio, the Episcopal rector who won \$32,000 on TV's *The \$64,000 Question* a few months ago by answering questions on jazz.<sup>2</sup> A mild-mannered man, he seemed anything but controversial. No one could have suspected that he would set off the weird chain reaction of resignations and denunciations that hit Mississippi last week.

The reaction began when James Morrow Jr. of the state legislature wrote Chancellor J. D. Williams of the university that Kershaw had said he would give some of his winnings to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Morrow suggested that Williams "revoke the Reverend's invitation ever to appear in Mississippi." Later Kershaw wrote a letter to the student *Mississippi* conceding that he had indeed supported the N.A.A.C.P. because "I am convinced that the core of religious faith is love of God and neighbor. Though Kershaw's scheduled topic ("Religion and Drama") sounded innocent enough, Chancellor Williams told the rector that he had better stay home.

When the news broke, another out-of-state guest speaker announced that he too would stay home. Then, Professor Morton B. King Jr., chairman of the university's sociology department, resigned from the faculty. The university administration, he charged, is "no longer able to defend the freedom of thought, inquiry and speech which are essential for higher education to flourish." Two days later, at Mississippi State College, Political Scientist William Buchanan decided to resign too. The state house of representatives denounced the two professors as "misguided reformers," urged the heads of all state-supported colleges to "use every effort to prevent subversive influences from infiltrating into our institutions." Governor James P. Coleman agreed. "If a man feels a team is unworthy," he said of the professors, "he ought to get off the team." Other men were also getting off the team. By last week, all five out-of-state speakers had said they would not show up at the university's Religious Emphasis Week.

With their speakers' slate wiped clean, the committee on arrangements decided to replace its guests with five Oxford Miss. clergymen. After all, wrote *Negro-baiting* Editor Fred Sullens of the *Jackson Daily News*, "we may feel reasonably sure that [local clergymen] will not be spewing poison into the minds of our young people." The five untainted ones, how-

ever, respectfully declined. At week's end the committee on arrangements decided to turn Religious Emphasis Week into three days of meditation and prayer—without any clergymen around who might have dangerous ideas.



RECTOR KERSHAW  
Love thy neighbor

ever, respectfully declined. At week's end the committee on arrangements decided to turn Religious Emphasis Week into three days of meditation and prayer—without any clergymen around who might have dangerous ideas.

### Report Card

❑ Why does Johnny hate his math? The Carnegie Corporation of New York suggested one reason. In a special survey, the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J. found that "although all states require education courses for secondary mathematics teachers, a third of the states require no mathematics for certification of math teachers. . . . In the majority of instances, a prospective elementary-school teacher can enter a teachers college without any credits in secondary-school math. In most states a teacher can be certified to teach elementary-school math without any work in math at the college level." "Under such circumstances," adds the corporation, "it is no surprise that one professor states: 'Elementary teachers, for the most part, are ignorant of the mathematical basis of arithmetic.'" Adds another professor about secondary-school math teachers: "They are not as good as our run-of-mine juniors."

❑ Columbia College, one of eleven campuses that began taking in bright 16-year-olds as freshmen four years ago, told just how its first graduates had done. Of 51 accepted, only eight dropped out, but these did so mostly for emotional reasons. Those who graduated had a 24% higher representation in the top fifth of the class than ordinary students. One out of five became a Phi Beta Kappa.

❑ Appointment of the week: Professor John H. Franklin, 41, of Howard University, to the chairmanship of Brooklyn College's history department—the first time a Negro has ever been made head of a department at Brooklyn.



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AMONG THE MOST ADVANCED AIR FORCE FIGHTERS now flying are NORTH AMERICAN F-100 air superiority fighter, (top); LOCKHEED F-101 escort fighter, (lower left); and CONVAIR F-102 interceptor, (lower right). All three use PRATT & WHITNEY JATO engines.

## How Can America Continue to Have Air Force Aircraft Second to None

Overwhelming strength to retaliate instantly against aggression makes modern Air Power a powerful force for peace, a strong deterrent to war. But in this atomic age, such a force cannot be built *after* aggression strikes. It must be planned and ready beforehand. Its weapons—aircraft in particular—are so complex that years of research, development and production are required to build them.

Today the U.S. Air Force, Navy, Marines and Army have aircraft second to none. Will they hold that leadership tomorrow? Rebuilding American Air Power from the low to which it had fallen before the outbreak of the Korean War

in June, 1950, has taken many years. The time required for this task proves again the need for a *continuous* program of aircraft research, development and production if the United States is to continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Just one example of the complexity of the entire Air Power problem is afforded by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. They are and must be twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But because of this greater speed and other complex requirements, they are many times harder to produce and their cost is many times greater.

## How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The complex missions of the Air Force have put heavy requirements on research and development. The ability to control the skies and support ground forces, the power to carry overwhelming retaliation wherever it might be necessary, the defense of the homeland...all these vital missions require the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built. The F-100 Super Sabre, for instance, flown by the Tactical Air Command, is an "air superiority" fighter which holds the world's speed record of 822 m.p.h. This fighter is built around the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet, the most powerful engine in quantity production.

The design of the Super Sabre, and other first line aircraft, began from 5 to 10 years ago. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development. Despite more than 50 years of aviation experience, millions of engineering man-hours in research and development were still required before they could be built in quantity.

## How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Today, the future of American aviation lies in laboratories, on engineers' drawing boards, in engine test cells, and at flight test stations. Here aircraft capable of tremendously increased speed and performance are being developed, such as the Lockheed F-104 and Republic F-105 high performance fighters. Here, even atomic power plants are being designed for aviation.

Throughout the aviation industry, innumerable problems are being met and overcome. For example, in the design of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57, today's foremost jet engine, over 4,000,000 separate problems in many fields of science had to be solved before volume production could begin.

Continuous programs of research, development, and production are essential if America is to remain safe and free.



**FINAL ASSEMBLY LINES** at Republic's plant show the F-84F fighter-bomber, now in service with the air forces of the U.S. and other nations. The engine is a Wright J-65. The F-84F can carry a heavy load of bombs, rockets, and napalm.



**SKY SENTRY** can guide jet fighters to hostile bombers. This radar-carrying Lockheed RF-101 extends continental defenses out over the oceans. It has Wright R-3350 engines, Hamilton Standard propellers.



**ASSAULT TRANSPORT** used for troop carrier operations is the Fairchild C-123B, with two P&WA R-2800 engines. Hamilton Standard reversible propellers help in landings on short, unimproved airstrips.



**104 ROCKETS** are carried in wingtip pods by this Northrop F-89D. Two Allison J-35 jet engines power this interceptor, which carries radar observer in addition to a pilot. Electronic gear locates target, then automatically salvoes rockets.



**TURBOPROP ENGINES**, which have been proposed to a gas turbine engine, are being studied for use in military transports. Here Pratt & Whitney Aircraft T-34 turboprop engines power a Douglas VC-124B.



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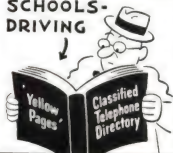


# RADIO & TELEVISION

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## Top Ten

The top ten most popular TV shows in the U.S. according to the latest Trendex rating.

- 1) *The Ed Sullivan Show* (CBS) . . . 40.3
- 2) *The \$64,000 Question* (CBS) . . . 30.0
- 3) *The Perry Como Show* (NBC) . . . 26.2
- 4) *I Love Lucy* (CBS) . . . 26.0
- 5) *December Bride* (CBS) . . . 23.0
- 6) *Talent Scouts* (CBS) . . . 20.7
- 7) *You Bet Your Life* (NBC) . . . 20.6
- 8) *The Red Skelton Show* (CBS) . . . 20.3
- 9) *What's My Line* (CBS) . . . 18.4
- 10) *Disneyland* (ABC) . . . 17.2

## Who's a Peer?

David James Douglas, 38, seventh Baron Nugent of Clonlost, is six feet of muscle, charm and upper-class English accent. He was hand-picked in Britain last summer from a crop of 18 eligible noblemen to star in a filmed TV series with U.S. Singer Vicki Benet (TIME, Aug. 1). Since his arrival in Hollywood last month for the filming of the show, he has been getting the standard treatment of cocktail parties, press interviews and deals with advertisers (in exchange for a few publicity photos, Chrysler Corp. put a Dodge at the baron's disposal).

Last week disaster struck. Mike Kaplan, a reporter for the trade paper *Variety*, after checking Nugent's credentials at the British consulate, headlined the bad news. The consulate's information officer had reported that Nugent was not listed in either Debrett's or Burke's *Peerage*.

With British pluck, Lord Nugent fought back. Fluttering his credentials in a TV interview, he explained that he was in Debrett's and Burke's but listed under the name of a relative, the Earl of Westmeath. Nugent further explained that his family's patriotism was the cause of all the trouble. An Irish ancestor named Walter Nugent served with other relatives in the Austrian army and was made Baron Nugent of Clonlost by the Emperor Franz Josef in 1859. When the first baron's descendants returned to England, the title was authenticated by a royal warrant signed by Britain's Edward VII in 1908. But with the advent of World War I, Nugent's grand-uncle—like many other holders of Teutonic titles—did not drop his barony but formally petitioned his King for permission to renounce it. The permission was belatedly granted in 1920, two years after the war was over. Says the baron plaintively: "My father and I revived the title because no one has a right to renounce a title for his heirs."

In London, the confusion seemed as impenetrable as in Hollywood. Said one expert on the peerage: "If you recognize the validity of the Austrian title, I shouldn't see why it would matter. Is Farouk Mr. Farouk because he lost his kingdom?" But a spokesman for Burke's ruled sternly: "Until the title is formally restored, it cannot be recognized in Britain." In Hollywood, TV Producer Jack



VICKI BENET & BARON NUGENT  
No entry among the gentry.

Elliott, who is putting together the Baron Nugent-Vicki Benet series, took a meat-and-potatoes view of the case: "The show has been put off until this thing gets cleared up. We don't want to put our backers in a spot."

## Quiz Crazy

The quiz-show contagion has spread from the U.S. to just about every nation that boasts a TV transmitter. In Brazil contestants compete for as much as 45,000 cruzeiros (\$675); in Italy it is possible to win a fat bundle of 5,000,000 lire (\$8,000); in Britain a Pakistani college girl got £1,024 (\$2,867) for her knowledge of Chaucer. Mexican viewers of *The \$64,000 Question* were grumbling that the sponsor was asking impossible questions to avoid paying the jackpot, but finally a textile engineer



GINO PRATO & MICHAEL DELLA ROCCA  
Mimic the gimmick.

named Jaime Olvera broke the bank by identifying two of Cortez' scouts in his war with the Aztecs. Said a spokesman for the sponsor\* (a shirt company): "This will prove our good faith."

The U.S. had its own mutterings last week when Cobbler Michael Della Rocca, with the help of another cobbler, former Contestant Gino Prato, won CBS's \$64,000 Question. Critics charged that: 1) Della Rocca was actually a professional impresario, and 2) Gino Prato's appearance was simply a buildup for a new Revlon show to be called *The \$64,000 Challenge*, starring past quiz winners.

The show's producers, Louis G. Cowan Inc., brushed off the first criticism with the statement that Della Rocca was simply an amateur impresario who dabbles in low-cost opera in his home town of Baldwin, L.I. On the second point, though denying that the Della Rocca-Prato appearance was planned, they conceded that *The \$64,000 Challenge* will come on the air next month, replacing Sunday night's *Appointment with Adventure*. The gimmick: people who have written in saying they are just as good at opera as Della Rocca or at cooking as Marine Captain Richard S. McCutchen will be given a chance to compete against the experts for a prize of \$64,000.

Meanwhile sponsor Revlon is busy grooming a third entry for the quiz sweepstakes. This one, to be called *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*, may appear on Thursday nights in place of *The Johnny Carson Show*, and seems aimed at bringing the format of Atlantic City's Miss America contest to TV with the added bait of a \$250,000 cash award.

At week's end the final word belonged to an advertiser in the trade sheet *Variety*. Giving a box number and appealing to "interested" sponsors, stations, advertising agencies or agents, he promised to show "complete plans and format" for a new, super-duper quiz program. Its title: *The Million-Dollar Question*.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Feb. 22. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**Antarctica: The Third World** (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). An on-the-spot documentary of the Antarctic expedition.

**Panorama** (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Imogene Coca.

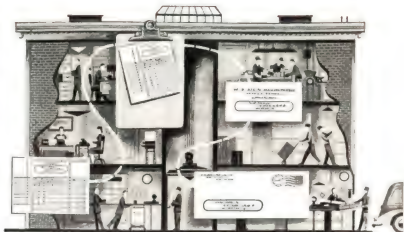
**Playwrights '56** (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Horton Foote's *Flight*, starring Kim Stanley, Ruth Hussey.

### RADIO

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Rigoletto*, with Warren, Conley, Peters, Tozzi.

**Philadelphia Orchestra** (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Music by Mozart, Schubert.

**Biographies in Sound** (Tues. 9:05 p.m., NBC). W. C. Fields.



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\* The show this month added another sponsor familiar to U.S. quiz addicts: Revlon.



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## RELIGION

### Billy in Manila

Just before Billy Graham arrived for his big rally in the predominantly (80%) Roman Catholic Philippines last week, he got some valuable free publicity: Manila's Archbishop Rufino J. Santos warned his flock not to attend. The warning spurred more interest in Billy than the well-organized advance promotion aimed at the Philippines' 700,000 Protestants. Billy, on his way to Hong Kong, Formosa and Japan after his successful Indian campaign, did not seem happy, was diplomatic as usual. "The Catholic Church has been extremely friendly to me anywhere I have gone," he said. "However, I respect the archbishop's convictions."

An hour before the evening rally in Manila's Rizal Memorial Football Stadium, the stands were filled, and the audience overflowed onto the football field. Many had traveled from the nearby provinces. Billy's followers had hoped for a turnout of 30,000; they got more than 40,000. Campaign workers claimed the largest single number of "decisions for Christ" (4,470) in the current campaign. The pledge cards showed that about 30% of the "decisions" were made by Catholics.

Although most Manila newspapers did not look kindly on Billy ("As elaborately planned as bullfights," said the *Daily Mirror* of his rallies), one of the papers linked him with no less a preacher than Savonarola. Billy's sermon, said the *Manila Times*, "could well serve as a yeast to enliven the dormant spirituality of our nation. . . . It is high time that our religious leaders turn to the task of making us better men and women. We need stirring sermons challenging us to good works as well as faith. We need a Catholic evangelist who will arouse us from our sloth of evil living. We need another Savonarola."

Billy got a pat on the back from a U.S. Catholic publication last week. Said the Jesuit weekly *America*: "We recognize that there are many profound differences between the faith of Billy Graham and the faith professed by members of the Roman Catholic Church. Nevertheless . . . we rather like Mr. Graham . . . . On many fundamental points of Christian doctrine he is in error. Catholics may not attend his revival services. However, when he is put in the balance with some of his critics he looks a lot more like a Christian than they do."

### The Bridge

Jewish scholars and writers are showing an increasing interest in Christ as a teacher. Christians in their turn are more conscious of Judaism because of Jewish philosophers like Martin Buber (*TIME*, Jan. 23). In such fertile soil the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies at New Jersey's Seton Hall University plants a seed of fact: Christ is the link as well as the difference between Christian and Jew.

The institute's director is an Austrian-

born Jew who became a Roman Catholic priest: the Rev. John M. Oesterreicher, 51. Father Oesterreicher worked to further Jewish-Christian understanding in Europe during World War II. In 1953 he founded the institute with the encouragement of some of the top Catholic scholars in the U.S. and abroad. One result: *The Bridge*, a Yearbook of Judaeo-Christian Studies (Pantheon; \$3.95), the first in a series that will review the relationship between Christians and Jews in history, philosophy, theology, the arts.

Although not aimed primarily at conversion, *The Bridge* "tries to show the unity of God's design as it leads from the Law to the Gospel—the unbroken economy of salvation." The first volume has



Edsworth Schell

FATHER OESTERREICHER  
From the Law to the Gospel.

provocative articles by 18 highly diverse writers, e.g., Renaissance Scholar and Jazz Critic Barry Clanow; Jesuit Philosopher William L. Rosner; Hebraic Scholar Mother Marie Thaddea de Sion; and covers the range of Judaeo-Christian interests from Abraham to Simone Weil. *The Bridge* offers many paths to better understanding of both the Jewish and Christian heritage. Items:

❖ Writes Richard Kugelman, a Passionist priest: "The Jews are for [John] not the Jewish people but cliques, groups that are inimical to Jesus. . . . The Christian who associates his Jewish neighbors with those who plotted Christ's death is perpetuating an injustice never contemplated by the apostle. If a man reads John's account of the Passion without the spirit of the gospel, he may well be tempted to point his finger and exclaim: 'Those Jews!' But if he reads it with the spirit of the gospel, he will strike his breast and say: 'It is I who am the



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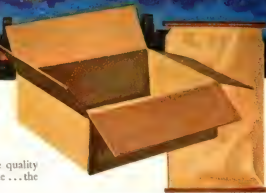


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FROSTKRAFT quality typifies the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation's sixty years of leadership in cellulose chemistry, long experience in scientific packaging.

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**FROSTKRAFT**  
PAPER PRODUCTS

FOREST PRODUCTS DIVISION  
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION  
WEST MONROE, LOUISIANA



sinners: it is we, all of us, who are the crucifiers of Jesus."

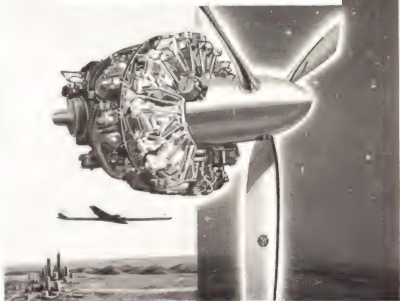
¶ Hilaire Duesberg, Benedictine monk: "Jesus Christ may divide us, but in our very quarrel He unites us. Since His coming, traditional Judaism is no longer what it was. It survives without Temple, without sacrifice, and that in a splendid fashion, giving proof of a religious vitality impossible not to acknowledge. The Jews carry on their case against us with the same energy they employ to maintain the past—our past—with an eye to the future. All we fear is that they might relax their effort . . . Assimilation . . . would be the surrender of their peculiar greatness, which remains the quest for the Messiah . . . The Jewish hope complements the Christian. When 'He' returns to call the roll of His own, the children of Abraham according to the flesh must not miss the mustering because they have abandoned the faith of their ancestor."

¶ Irving Süssman and his wife Cornelia, authors and teachers: "Not long ago a young Jewish scholar argued that the Jews never rejected Christ because they never encountered Him. This is an astonishing, provocative contention. There is, in spite of its vast historical inaccuracy, a certain psychological truth in it. The Jews encountered Christ once at a single moment in history . . . and as a people acquiesced in the rejection of Him by their leaders. From that moment in history onward, all that concerned Christ was carefully withheld from following generations, as parents withhold a painful and terrible secret from their children . . . Generations grew up encountering Christ only as an 'excuse' for their neighbors to despise or destroy them—which was, of course, not an encounter with Christ at all, rather with the devil . . ."

¶ Raissa Maritain, philosopher-poet and wife of philosopher Jacques Maritain: "The lives of the Old Testament saints are . . . marked by deeds for which neither God nor their consciences reproached them, but which the teaching of Christ and the Church forbids as faults and grievous sins. Thus lying, guile, harshness, cruelty . . . concubinage, incest and polygamy are linked with eminent names . . . Reason, by the loss of innocence reduced to its natural nakedness, is just beginning to discover the world; and God is sparing in His demands, proportioning them to human experience . . . All the laws which have formed our conscience were not yet engraved either on stone or in hearts."

¶ B. Christopher Butler, a British Benedictine abbot: "It is hardly necessary to labor the point that Jesus accepts the doctrine of the divine election of Israel. The Twelve, in the instructions they receive for their first missionary journey, are bidden to go 'not on the way of the Gentiles nor into a city of the Samaritans' but . . . to 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel' . . . The extension of the good news to the non-Israelite . . . was not to establish an entirely new society of believers, rather to incorporate Gentile converts into the age-old people of God . . ."

## The TURBO COMPOUND



## 49-MILLION SEAT MILES ...all in a day's work

More than 49-million luxurious seat miles per day — all over the globe — are at your service on the world's leading airlines, in Douglas DC-7's and Lockheed Super Constellations powered by the Curtiss-Wright Turbo Compound engine.

Bringing fares within reach of everyone with profit to the airlines, introducing air vacations to millions, and increasing speed and range — the Turbo Compound profoundly affects the lives of all of us.

To date, 37 of the world's leading airlines have selected Turbo Compounds. Curtiss-Wright's advanced work in the science of turbine power recovery — adding 20% to engine performance — has produced an economical, thoroughly dependable powerplant that will be a major factor in world transportation for years to come. When present airline reequipment programs are completed over 100,000,000 seat miles per day will be flown by Turbo Compound powered transports.



ELECTRONICS • NUCLEONICS • PLASTICS • METALLURGY • ULTRASONICS • AVIATION

# Ford builds 'em bigger



Power steering standard at no extra cost! New Ford Series T-750 tandem-axle BIG JOB, GVW 36,000 lbs.

**Yes, Ford builds BIG JOBS** up through 65,000 lbs. GCW! And for '56, Ford extra-heavy-duty trucks give you big capacity increases, to let you haul as much as 5,000 lbs. more payload!

No other line of trucks, rated for such big loads, is *priced as low as Ford!*

No other truck manufacturer can match Ford's long experience in building extra-heavy-duty Short Stroke engines! So it's no wonder Ford BIG JOBS have made such phenomenal sales gains in the past eight years—and are *more and more* the choice of operators in the extra-heavy field. Talk to your Ford Dealer!

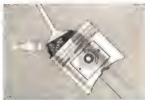


# Ford builds 'em

**And here's why! Ford's experience gives you a combination of long-life, heavy-duty engine features found in no other truck line**



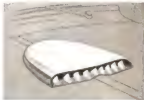
**Now!** More horsepower per dollar than any other truck line in Ford's weight range! Proved by comparisons of net horsepower and suggested list prices.



**Only Ford Trucks** offer Short Stroke power in every model, and at no extra cost! Stress-relieved cylinder heads resist distortion, prolong valve life.



**New sodium-cooled** exhaust valves run up to 225° cooler. Tungsten-cobalt valve seat inserts are all but wearproof. New self-sealing intake valves.



**New head air scoop,** 4-barrel carburetor, and dual exhaust system available on Series 750 and up, for extra reserve power. More pull on hills.



Hauls up to 3,000 lbs. more payload than other 6-wheelers with same over-all weight! New Ford T-800, GVW 42,000 lbs., GCW 65,000 lbs. Only Ford Trucks give you such safety features as new Lifeguard steering wheel, new Lifeguard door latches. New Ford seat belts available.

# better!

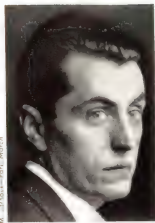


New deep Y-block construction gives Ford main bearings full 240° support, instead of usual 180°—for longer bearing life, smoother performance.



Ford Trucks' longer life is certified by independent life insurance experts for the ninth consecutive year. Studies of latest license registration data on 10,068,500 trucks show that Ford Trucks last longer than any of the other four leading makes.

## ART



PAINTER BUFFET

### An Artist Must Eat

Eight years ago, when he won the prized French critics' award for his gruesome oils of skinned rabbits, skinny chickens and harsh still-lives, Bernard Buffet was a gaunt and gangling youth of 20 who personified postwar misery and despair. Lacking canvas, he painted on his mother's sheets. He lived in a narrow, unheated room and went to the Louvre "not to look at the pictures but to keep warm." Last week a plumper Bernard Buffet, nattily turned out in English tweeds, rolled up to Paris' fashionable Drouant-David Gallery in his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. He stepped out to the cheers of admirers and the triumph of a spectacular one-man show. Even before the formal opening, all of Buffet's 26 oils had sold for fat prices. Across the Seine, a Left Bank gallery sold out its stock of 10 Buffet watercolors. Bernard Buffet's take for the week: \$113,000.



BUFFET'S "THE CIRCUS"

**Bravo . . . Merveilleux.** The sensational Buffet opening rated front-page headlines and picture spreads in Paris newspapers, an honor usually reserved for Pablo Picasso. Since art connoisseurs had already established the artist as their choice among postwar French painters (*TIME*, March 21), the critics had to grub for superlatives. "The Goya of our times," wrote the critic of *L'Express*. "Together with Picasso, [he] ranks among the most extraordinary examples of artistic creation," said *Franc-Tircour*. In the gallery's red morocco-bound guest book, the great and fashionable scribbled "Bravo Bernard" and "*C'est merveilleux*."

What the critics and public alike were cheering about was not so clear. Both of

Buffet's shows last week were built around the single theme, "The Circus." The pictures are all the same unmixing Buffet of morbid subject and individualistic craftsmanship: a rapid, flat, angular style carried out in monotonous grey tones accented with blue, dull olive and liliaceous yellow. The canvases displayed shabby acrobats, gaunt and ugly women performers, emaciated jugglers and grim freaks (*see cut*). Curiously, all the figures had the same sad features—Buffet's own.

Misery is Buffet's trademark: if there is joy in color, it stays locked in his paintbox, and when he paints a flower, it comes out a dried-up thistle. "It is part of us, our youth of the war years, our youth which cannot escape from the climate of

## OCEANIC ART: MASKS OF BEAUTY

**PAINTER** Paul Gauguin set in motion one of the main art trends of the 20th century when he decided that "the Greek [style] is the great error, beautiful though it is," and plunged off to Tahiti to capture the expressive power of primitive art. In the hands of such moderns as Painters Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani and Sculptors Brancusi, Henry Moore and Alberto Giacometti, this source of inspiration has not only produced new art; it has also caused primitive art itself to be reassessed. The rise of primitive works from artifact to art is currently being demonstrated by the first showing of the Baltimore Museum of Art's handsome 106-piece collection of Oceanic Art (*see color page*).

For its newest collection the Baltimore Museum is indebted to Alan Wurtzburger, 55, a wealthy Baltimore real estate man, and his wife Janet. Little more than three years ago, the Wurtzburgers' collecting urge was restricted to Pennsylvania Dutch spatterware and canary-yellow lusterware, but a trip to Africa opened their eyes to primitive art. "It has more variety, strength and impact

than the contrived art of today," Collector Wurtzburger decided. But when the Wurtzburgers tried to collect representative pieces, they found that Africa as a source of primitive art has all but dried up. The best pieces had already drifted to dealers in London, Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam.

After giving Baltimore the best that they could assemble, the peripatetic Wurtzburgers decided two years ago to branch out to Oceanic art, went on a streamlined tour of the South and West Pacific islands. Again they found themselves collectors-come-lately. They did not hit a good lode until they reached Australia and found a Melbourne curator willing to sell his private collection. Says Wurtzburger: "We picked the eyes out of his collection." They filled it out with purchases in London and Paris.

Now the Wurtzburgers are off again, this time to Russia, to uncover choice works of Pacific Northwest Indian art collected by Russian seal hunters in Czarist days. "These days the last person who asks the Russians for something seems to get it," says Wurtzburger. "Maybe we'll be lucky."



FERTILITY MASK, with coconut-fiber hair and seashell eyes, was used by New Guinea tribesmen in their harvest rites.



DOUBLE HOOK, topped by wooden male figure, probably came from ceremonial house in New Guinea. Sacred objects hung from prongs.



ANCESTRAL MASK, made in New Ireland, has helmet of hemp atop gaudy features carved to resemble human skull.



CARVED FIGURE was used by New Ireland natives in ancestor-worship rites. Exaggerated forms are meant to show spirit-power dead still possess.





In balancing load, Trailmobile's shiftable wheel assembly slides along the main frame beams, forward or backward as needed.

## Bronze shoes help truckers deliver the goods sooner and safer



One of the 12 shiftable wheel assemblies on a Trailmobile trailer.

**THE PROBLEM:** Loading a big trailer is almost as tricky as loading a plane. Cargo must be balanced carefully so that weight is equally distributed.

Trailmobile Inc. has made this job easier. Now, instead of shifting cargo or changing tractors, truckers simply shift the trailer wheels in only minutes. This can save hours, sometimes days, in delivering the goods. A trailer in constant balance—even after delivering par-

tial loads—travels safer. At first, Trailmobile tried bronze castings for the shoes on which the wheel assembly slides. But castings were not uniform and were costly to machine.

**THE SOLUTION:** Anaconda technical experts suggested that Trailmobile use wrought bar stock of Evendur 1010—one of Anaconda's famous copper-silicon alloys. This dense, supertough metal worked perfectly. It takes the pounding and wetting involved in carrying a trailer day in and day out. It machined readily, required no surface finishing. The cost of the bearing shoes was cut in half.

**THE FUTURE:** Where metal must resist corrosion, be strong and tough, and be

available in forms easily fabricated, Evendur will do more and more jobs—on land and sea. From a full range of copper and copper alloy mill products for industry . . . to copper and aluminum wire and cable . . . Anaconda and its manufacturing companies, Anaconda Wire & Cable Company and The American Brass Company, constantly seek better ways of doing things with the world's most extensive line of nonferrous metals and products. Let the Man from Anaconda help in your problems. The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

**ANACONDA**

the war," a critic exclaimed several years ago. Buffet, who prefers to go on in glum silence, once explained: "I was eleven when war broke out. The misery of the occupation, the cold, the lack of food, all this has become everyday life to me. . . . Even today I am still amazed that it is possible for me to enter a shop and buy whatever I like."

**Jaguar & Monkey.** The fact seems to be that Buffet found his style early and stuck with it. Good fortune, in return, stayed with Buffet. His canvases have soared from \$50 to a top \$10,000 for the latest oils, prices exceeded today only by such giants as Picasso, Braque and Rouault. He gets what he wants, whatever the cost. "You must feed your best horse plenty of oats if you want him to run fast," explained Gallery Owner Emanuel David.

Oats for Buffet include a farmhouse near Aix-en-Provence, a Jaguar, a fat Buick convertible and the Rolls-Royce (4,500,000 francs), a new, twelve-room country house outside Paris, a personal

chef, three dogs, two ducks and a pet monkey—but no wife or girl friends.

Buffet sticks to a prodigious routine. turns out 150 oils a year—a pace that caused one dissenting critic to complain that "this young millionaire, whose lack of culture is equaled only by his cynicism, has painted more pictures at the age of 28 than August Renoir produced in his entire lifetime." To such critics Buffet last week took the unusual measure of delivering a reply. In an open letter to the Communist art weekly, *Les Lettres Françaises*, he said: "Van Gogh and Gauguin never had enough to eat. Soutine and Gruber died without having attained the fame and fortune they merited. But art has had its vengeance since: Picasso is not only famous all over the world. He is also a billionaire. . . . I am accused of making too much money. Look at Matissonier; he earned much more than I do today and he produced bad art. . . . There was a time when an artist was not regarded as a curious animal which should live on a diet and eat stale bread."

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To King Hussein of Jordan, 20, and Cambridge-educated Queen Sherifa Dina Abdul Hamid el-Aoun, 26, onetime lecturer in English literature at Cairo University; their first child, a daughter; in Amman. Weight: 8 lbs. 12 oz.

**Married.** Willie Mays, 24, New York Giants star centerfielder, who was ticketed for speeding to the ceremony; and Marguerite Wendelle, 27, model; he for the first time, she for the second (her first: Bill Kenny, member of the Ink Spots quartet); in Elkton, Md.

**Marriage Revealed.** Terry Moore (real name: Helen Luella Koford), 27, cinematist (*King of the Khyber Rifles*); and Eugene C. McGrath, 33, Panama insurance broker; both for the second time (her first: Footballer Glenn Davis); on New Year's Day, in Las Vegas, Nev.

**Morried.** Hal March, 35, quizmaster of TV's *\$64,000 Question*; and Candy Tooton (real name: Florence Tochstein), 30, onetime cinematist; he for the first time, she for the second (her first: Crooner Mel Tormé); in Las Vegas, Nev.

**Married.** Tran Trung Dung, 42, Vietnamese Deputy Minister for National Defense since March 1955; and Nguyen Thi Hoang Anh ("The Nightingale"), 21, doll-like niece of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem; in a Roman Catholic ceremony; in Hue, Viet Nam.

**Died.** Ezio Vanoni, 53, Italy's Budget Minister and Acting Treasury Minister; of a cerebral hemorrhage, after finishing a Senate address; in Rome. One of the builders of the Christian Democratic Party, Vanoni entered politics during the resistance, served in nearly every Cabinet

since 1947. Among his achievements: the introduction of Italy's income-tax return, a ten-year plan to provide jobs for Italy's 2,000,000 chronically unemployed.

**Died.** George Kite, 58, royal chimney sweep, whose firm of Kite & Sons, founded by his grandfather (who swept for Queen Victoria) and continued by his father (who swept for Edward VII), held the royal warrant for sweeping Windsor Castle's 300 chimneys; of pneumonia; in Windsor, England. With a staff of three (including his son, who will continue the family trade), Kite also swept Eton College and the Queen Mother's royal lodge.

**Died.** Wilson McCarthy, 71, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad since 1947, Western director of the old Reconstruction Finance Corp. (1932-34); in Salt Lake City.

**Died.** James B. Macelwane, S.J., 72, world-famed seismologist, dean of St. Louis University's Institute of Technology, president of the American Geophysical Union, author (*Theoretical Seismology*); of a liver infection; in St. Louis. A top authority on earthquakes, Jesuit Macelwane developed a system for tracking hurricanes, pioneered in the use of the seismograph to detect oil deposits.

**Died.** Admiral Sir Walter Henry Cowan, 84, Commander (1917-20) of the Grand Fleet's 1st Light Cruiser Squadron, Naval Aide-de-Camp (1930-31) to George V; of pneumonia; in Leamington, England.

**Died.** Gustave Charpentier, 95, French composer (the romantic opera *Louise*, which was premiered in 1900, the orchestral suite *Impressions of Italy*); in Paris.

## Acid Indigestion? Heartburn? Gas?



Wherever you are,  
whatever you're  
doing—you can

## Fix it On The Spot!



## YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH

Few things concern parents more than the health of their children. March McCall's reveals new strides made in helping stammering children, the diabetic child's diet and artificial respiration for babies. Read "News in Child Health" in March McCall's.



**McCall's**  
The magazine of Togetherness . . .  
in more than 4,500,000 homes.



## DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of seventy-five cents (\$75) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable March 13, 1956 to stockholders of record at the close of business February 20, 1956.

NICHOLAS KELLEY, Jr.,  
Secretary

# They talk in Paris of



# that bank in Chicago

... "the bank that is a world of banks"

In Cairo as in Rio, in Paris as in Hong Kong, in the money markets of the world, you don't listen long before you hear someone mention the Continental Illinois.

And in Carson City, Montpelier, Waco and Montgomery as well. For this is one of America's largest banks.

More remarkable, it is the hub of a network of over 3,000 correspondent banks, large and small, working together and spreading from coast to coast, border to border, and across the oceans.

#### A "world of banks"—to serve business better

Customers of the Continental can rightly feel that they have at their fingertips the cumulative financial experience of, literally, a *world* of banking and bankers.

They take for granted banking service that's far beyond the usual. Speedier. Versatile. Understanding. Mature.

#### A suggestion on choosing a bank

Wherever you are, a banking relationship with the Continental Illinois can be profitable for you. Its services, speed, and far-flung connections make it an ideal regional depository for firms in all 48 states.

Its aggressive business philosophy makes it an ideal source of loans for commercial borrowers everywhere.

And, remember, when your local bank is a correspondent of the Continental Illinois, you enjoy many of the valuable accommodations which the network makes possible. It's good for *you* when *your bank* is able to say, "Let's ask the Continental!"



**CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS** NATIONAL BANK  
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

... well named, the "Continental"

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

## STATE OF BUSINESS

## Fast Pulse

"President Eisenhower is the pulse of the stock market," said a Wall Street broker. "Everything is Ike, Ike, Ike." For weeks the market pulse has beaten sluggishly; trading dropped and prices edged down as a majority of Wall Streeters decided that Ike would not run again. Last week the pulse speeded up after the doctors issued their report on Ike's condition. The next day so many buy orders poured in that some specialists had trouble opening their stocks. Not until 10:18 a.m., for example, did U.S. Steel open on a huge block of 25,000 shares, up 3 5/8 at 35 1/2. Du Pont jumped six points on a block of 4,000 shares. By the close the Dow-Jones industrial average was up to 470.84, a gain of 4.92 points.

The following day investors had some sobering second thoughts; trading slumped again and stocks drooped. But on the last day's trading of the week, the market came back with a rush after Edgar Eisenhower predicted that his brother would run (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). As a surge of confidence swept through the Street, the market took off. The buying was so lively that the ticker fell behind again and again. By day's end the Dow-Jones industrial average had risen to 744—the greatest jump since Nov. 14—and reached 477.05.

For the week, the 1,390 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange had increased several billion dollars in value, climbed to within twelve points of the all-time bull-market peak reached at year's end. And Wall Street was confidently predicting that if and when Ike actually says yes, the market will go up some more.

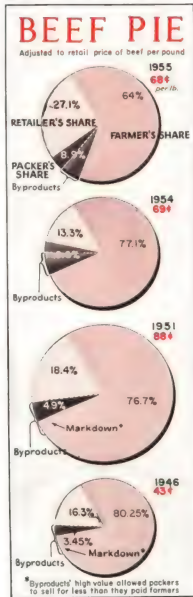
## More Fair Weather

To most businessmen, the outlook for the first half of this year is for continuing fair weather. But what about the second half? Speaking last week before a group of businessmen in Manhattan, Harvard Economist Sumner Slichter said: "The outlook is for little change during the first three quarters of the year and for a rise in production in the fourth quarter."

Economist Slichter ticked off the signs of strength. Though home construction is down, "business plans for outlays on plants and equipment are rising—are 13% more than in 1955." As for manufacturers, unfilled orders totaled \$55.5 billion at the end of December, or nearly \$4.6 billion higher than July 1955 and up about \$9 billion from the comparable period of the year before. New orders are also growing, reached \$29.3 billion in December, the highest point since the statistics were first compiled in 1948. At the last official count unfilled orders for all types of machinery stood at \$15.6 billion, a gain of better than \$2 billion in a year. In December alone machine tool orders came to \$157 million, up 50% in two months.

Though inventories are climbing, the huge number of orders pouring in makes any excessive accumulation unlikely. The low points in housing and autos will probably come well before the end of the year, predicts Slichter, "so that both of these industries will be expanding in the closing months of 1956." Furthermore, wage increases are coming in dozens of industries, from aviation to steel and the building trades.

Concluded Slichter: "With Government spending rising, with residential construction slowly rising, with outlays of business on plant and equipment rising slowly, and with wage increases raising payrolls, an expansion of total expenditures in the closing months of the year seems inevitable."



Time Chart by J. Donovan

## AGRICULTURE

## Meat Spread

From the nation's farms last week came good news for consumers but bad news for the Agriculture Department. Despite last year's droughts and heavy slaughter of cattle, the cattle population has risen instead of dropping as expected. The U.S. cattle total, said the Agriculture Department, is up to an estimated 97.5 million head, the seventh consecutive increase since 1949's 76.8 million.

The rise, forecasting further price drops for farmers, was caused largely by the Agriculture Department's price-support operations on other fronts. In the years 1953-55, some 29 million acres were taken out of wheat and cotton production under the crop quota program. But on 17 million acres farmers started growing feed grains. This and the large corn crops pushed down the price of feed, thus encouraged farmers to raise cattle faster than the demand called for. To add to the trouble, pig production, which normally does not move up with cattle production, also increased. As a result, the estimated farm value of cattle has now dropped down to \$88 per head, vs. \$179 in 1952.

Who Pays? Caught in this predicament, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson last week, as several times before, sought to pin some of the blame for low farm prices on the meat packing industry. Said he, at a San Francisco gathering of the Western States Meat Packers Association: "Last August the packing industry granted wage increases equal to roughly a \$50 million annual boost. Who paid for the increase? The evidence is that most of it was paid by ranchers and farmers—who paid by taking lower prices for meat animals." As evidence, Benson cited Agriculture Department figures showing that in the fourth quarter of last year the average farm price of choice beef was 19% below the last quarter of 1954, but the retail price was down only 5%.

Benson believes that the widening spread between farm and retail prices is due not only to increased handling costs but to a bigger cut to the middlemen. From the first quarter of 1955 to the end of the year, the average price paid to farmers for choice beef cattle dropped \$4.15 per 100 lbs. But only \$1.57 of this saving was passed on to consumers in the form of price cuts. The rest of the difference was soaked up by an increase in the shares of the middlemen: packers and wholesalers increased their take per pound by \$1.08, while retailers took \$1.50 additional.

Who Collects? Are middlemen increasing their profits at the expense of the farmers? They deny it, argue that increased costs for wages (up 16% in the packing industry from 1954 to 1955), trucking, etc. helped keep the price of beef up. Furthermore, the great increase in processing, e.g., for frozen and ready-



cut meats, builds in costs that make retail prices react slower to wholesale price drops.

One measure of profits in the meat industry is that of the packers. Traditionally, it is a low profit industry, usually makes about 1¢ on every \$1 of sales, much less than the figure for all manufacturing industries. Last year the average packer's profit on every \$1 of sales was 0.85¢, compared to food chains' profits of 0.99¢. While this was more than double the profit of 1954, it was still well under the 1.6¢ made by the big four packers (Swift, Armour, Wilson, Cudahy) in their best year, 1947, when farmers also cashed in. For example, Swift & Co., biggest U.S. packer, netted \$23 million last year, compared to \$19 million in 1954 and \$34 million in 1947.

But the bare profit figures do not tell the whole story because the packer does not get his entire profit from meat sales. A large part of it comes from byproducts, e.g., hides and tallow. This permits the packer to live off a very low markup, or none at all, on the meat itself; e.g., in 1951, packers actually sold meat to wholesalers at less per pound than they had paid the farmers. Nevertheless, Swift still had a profit of \$12 million. In short, the elimination of all the packers' profits on meat sales would have little effect on the farmer.

## CORPORATIONS

### Stalemate at Westinghouse

Negotiations between Westinghouse and its two striking unions came to a surly stalemate. After 17 weeks the two sides were close to an agreement on wages and length of contract, had already agreed to shelve the hot time-study issue for later negotiation. But the sessions finally foundered over the company's refusal to take back 100 workers accused of violence on the picket lines (TIME, Feb. 20).

In desperation, wiry, wily President Jim Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers (A.F.L.-C.I.O.) last week tried a political gimmick. He persuaded Pennsylvania Governor George M. Leader and four other Democratic governors to propose a fact-finding board to study the major issues. Westinghouse refused to delegate responsibility for its contract to "outsiders." Instead, the company offered to let an accountant compare the terms of its proposed contract with the union's 1955 General Electric contract, make up any difference in benefits. While the differences were being ironed out at the bargaining table, management suggested, the strikers should go back to work.

When the union balked at that, federal mediators tried a new tack: they suggested that they and the fact-finding board, composed of two professional labor arbitrators, work with both sides to settle the dispute. After both sides accepted the

HOME LOAN PROGRAM by the Veterans Administration, totaling \$33 billion, is coming under fire from a House Veterans' Affairs Subcommittee. After a 14-month investigation, the subcommittee charged widespread abuses of VA-guaranteed loans by builders and real estate operators. Among the charges: many loans were granted for non-G.I. projects, builders often overcharged on G.I. housing they did build, and bribed VA inspectors to cover up.

EXECUTIVE RESERVE will be set up to help run the Government in case of war. President Eisenhower has signed an order permitting the Office of Defense Mobilization to recruit a pool of 3,000 to 4,000 top men in communications, transportation, labor, etc., give them peacetime training for wartime duties.

NEW OIL RUSH is under way in Alberta, Canada. Union Oil Co. has hit an oil zone 4,797 ft. deep, 220 miles north of Edmonton not far from Lesser Slave Lake. Size of the strike is causing the biggest scramble ever in that province for drilling rights; 12 million acres were reserved in the first few days.

CHRYSLER COMEBACK is losing some of its steam. While General Motors (with 53% of the market) has cut back production 6% and Ford (with 26%) has cut back 16%, Chrysler production has slumped 29% from its 1955 pace, now holds only 17% of the auto market v. 19% at this time last year. Biggest loser: Dodge, down 50% from 1955.

NUCLEAR POWER for the British Commonwealth will get a boost from U.S. industry. In the first commercial Anglo-American atomic project, American Machine & Foundry Co. and Britain's Mitchell Engineering, Ltd. have agreed to build a series of nuclear power plants in underdeveloped Commonwealth areas.

FORD STOCK, now trading over the counter (current price: around 62, down 8½ points from the high

and 2½ points below the original offering), will go on the New York Stock Exchange's big board on March 7. Ford will also be listed simultaneously on the Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco exchanges.

COPPER PINCH will be eased by a large-scale U.S. mining expansion in Chile. In a \$100 million program, Anaconda Copper will spend \$53 million to get its newly discovered Indio Muerto mines into production, expects them to add 100,000 tons of refined copper to the free world's annual production. The company will also increase production another 55,000 tons at two present mines.

TEXTILES WORKERS will make their first bid for a wage boost since 1950. After holding the line (and even taking a 6½% wage cut in 1952) in the depressed industry, the Textile Workers Union is sending notices to employers that it will seek "substantial" wage and fringe benefits increases.

AUTO FREIGHT CHARGES for destinations in the South and West will be cut by Ford Motor Co. to satisfy complaints by dealers. Though Ford will still charge "phantom freight," i.e., on the basis of mileage from Detroit no matter how near dealers are to local assembly plants, the company will cut the charges as much as \$49 on a Ford and \$58 on a Lincoln. However, part of the reduction will be counteracted by a \$16 wholesale price increase on Fords.

PLANE CHARTER will soon be as easy and inexpensive as renting a bus, truck or boat. Under a system set up by the Aircocoh Transport Association, charter groups will no longer have to deal with scattered individual airlines, rarely pay expensive ferrying costs to fly empty planes back from outlying points. Instead, ACTA will act as a general agent for more than 30 nonscheduled lines, be able to pick the nearest available plane and charter it for as little as 2½¢ per passenger mile.

mediators' peace-making proposal. Federal Mediator Joe Finnegan pointed skyward and sighed: "If this doesn't work, we will call on third-party assistance from upstairs."

Loyal Dealers. The company's hard-hit dealers, stockholders, customers and 55,000 striking employees were sorely in need of assistance. The longest U.S. strike since 1950 had cost I.U.E. and the independent United Electrical Workers \$84 million in wages. The union was paying out \$250,000 a week in strike benefits, and Westinghouse had piled up over \$250 million in losses. A big question: How long will it take Westinghouse to make up its strike losses, win back its competitive position?

Westinghouse, No. 2 U.S. electrical equipment-maker, would need up to 30

days to start heavy equipment lines, e.g., turbines and generators. But Westinghouse has lost only a "negligible" amount of heavy equipment orders, since most big customers can afford to wait. Westinghouse will also be able to catch up by boosting output in eleven new plants that were picketed before they reached full production. Moreover, said the company, 25 of its 58 major plants are still in partial operation, e.g., the Columbus, Ohio refrigerator factory, where nearly 6,000 striking workers are back on the job.

Although the company will be able to start up appliance production as soon as the strike ends, the big problem will be to recapture the slice of the consumer-goods market that has already been lost to competitors. Example: a Los Angeles

# THE COFFEE BREAK

## New Industry Turns Problem into Profits

**T**HE office coffee break, as firmly entrenched in U.S. life as pie à la mode, is a costly and disrupting mid-morning nightmare to many a company from Norwalk, Conn. to Norwalk, Calif. Some employers have simply thrown up their hands—and ducked out of the way of the stampede. But others have set their minds to licking the problem of lost man-hours. In the process they have not only taken the bitterness out of the coffee break, but have helped to spoon up a profitable new business: coffee catering, to bring the coffee in to employees. Says a Kaiser Aluminum executive in Oakland, Calif.: "Our department alone is saving \$110 a month on coffeetime. I drink the coffee at my desk while I open the mail, save half an hour—and enjoy it more."

Prime examples of the new coffee caterers are Boston's William McConnell and Berton Steir, who wanted to get into a new business that would be depression-proof. In 1950 they bought one automatic coffee machine and started to serve coffee in a downtown Boston office. Since then, McConnell and Steir have built a \$2,000,000-a-year business, own a fleet of trucks, 300 coin-operated coffee dispensers, 30 banks of food-vending machines, and a catering service that sells coffee by the jug to more than 100 offices and industrial plants.

The best-known coffee-break business in the U.S.—and probably the biggest—is operated by Schrafft's East Coast restaurant chain. In 1950 Schrafft's was called in by the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York to do something about the daily chaos caused by 1,700 kaffeeklatsch employees on 13 floors, all trying to go up or down the elevators at the same time. Schrafft's sent a battalion of waitresses with specially equipped carts rolling from desk to desk, cut coffeetime truancy so effectively that 500 other employers were soon clamoring for the service. Schrafft's now grosses some \$4,200,000 a year from coffee-break service, employs 500 waitresses to deliver 20 million cups of coffee and 13 million pastries a year to offices in Manhattan, Philadelphia, Boston and Newark.

Big or small, coffee caterers can usually convince employers that a coffee break on the job can be actually a break for the boss. "Coffee breaks make money for the employer by increasing efficiency," advertises Chicago's Standard Coffee Service. In Los Angeles Al and Jerry Lapin, young (26 and 28) owners of Coffee Time

Inc., ask businessmen: "What is your employees' time worth?" If 25 workers each take an extra 15 minutes a day to go out for coffee, argue the Lapins, they may cost their employer more than \$100 a week v. Coffee Time's \$21.20 weekly charge for serving coffee on the job. Radio Corp. of America, one Coffee Time customer, is so pleased with the service that it has banned outdoor coffee excursions, dispenses 45 gallons of coffee a day at cost to employees. In exchange for the manpower savings, about half the companies pick up the tab for employees' coffee. Many others pay half the cost, turn employees' contributions over to recreation funds.

Coffee-vending machines have also had a spectacular postwar boom, particularly in big offices and plants where workers take staggered coffee breaks. Though many workers still object to the taste of coin-machine brews, a Dallas company recently started selling a \$2,000 machine that stores fresh coffee at 185° in heated Thermos jugs. The dispenser is so successful that Mobile Kitchens, Inc. installed 62 in Washington, D.C. last year, and is putting in new machines at the rate of one a day.

The hottest company in the automatic coffee business is Rudd-Melikian, Inc., a Pennsylvania firm founded by two wartime Air Force buddies in 1946. After experimenting with an old soft-drink machine, Captain Lloyd K. Rudd and Sergeant K. Cyrus Melikian developed an automatic dispenser that uses a quick-frozen concentrate called Kwik-Kafé. The partners grossed \$14 million in 1955, have 700 employees and 250 licensed distributors servicing companies throughout the U.S. and Canada; e.g., Eastman Kodak Co. has 100 machines which sell 250,000 cups a month to workers in its Rochester plant.

Even if the coffee is free, some employees prefer to go out for coffee, just to get out of the office. "I know I duck out twice a day," says a sympathetic boss in Dallas, "and I don't even drink coffee." Nevertheless, most companies who have polled their workers report that employees would rather have coffee in the office than fight jammed elevators and drugstores once or twice a day. Many executives even boast of serving better coffee than the café across the street. Says Vergil Finer, a San Francisco coffee caterer: "A lot of companies now offer good, easy coffee as an inducement to the people they want to hire. It's become kind of a fringe benefit."

chain that normally sells more than 3,000 Westinghouse refrigerators and laundry units a year is receiving only 35% of its normal volume, and is selling General Electric appliances instead. Nevertheless, Westinghouse has kept most of its dealers loyal by stretching inventory, stepping up advertising allowances, and in some cases even supplying them with competitors' products, e.g., lamp bulbs.

**Irretrievable Loss.** Westinghouse does not minimize its "real problems" in the consumer field. It is well aware that the corporation that manages to sell a consumer his first range or refrigerator usually has him for a customer for keeps, since buyers tend to buy the same brand they bought before. Since Westinghouse has not been able to supply the demand for four months, dealers feel that "Westinghouse has lost this bit of the market irretrievably." However, Westinghouse has gone ahead and drastically restyled its 1956 lines in hopes of selling new customers. It is ready to go into full production as soon as workers come back to their jobs. If the company pushes production and promotion, most dealers hope that it will only be a matter of months before Westinghouse is nudging G.E.

## RAILROADS

### New Hand at the Throttle

When Chicago Lawyer Ben W. Heineman set out to get control of Chicago & North Western Railway a fortnight ago, he told the North Western board of directors that he preferred a peaceful alliance to a proxy war. This week, after ten days of fast-express negotiations, Heineman and North Western agreed on an alliance. Heineman will take over as full-time board chairman and chief executive officer of North Western, give up both his law practice and his connections with Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, which he took over almost two years ago. But he did not get his demand for ten seats on the 18-man North Western board. Instead, the board was cut to 17 members, and Heineman will have only five seats.

Though Heineman will be in the strange position of a board chairman without a board majority, he is not worried. During negotiations each side became convinced that the other agreed on what North Western should do, i.e., clear out management deadwood, build up business and rolling stock, get the company solidly into the black. Heineman's first big job will be to find a new president and chief operating officer to replace Paul E. Feucht, who is convalescing from a heart attack last month.

## MINING

### Bottomless Pit

Beneath the forests of Michigan's Upper Peninsula lie vast iron deposits that have long resisted ore-hungry steelmen. The ore is jasper, a diamond-hard rock that blunts ordinary drills, is too low in iron content (about 33%) for conven-



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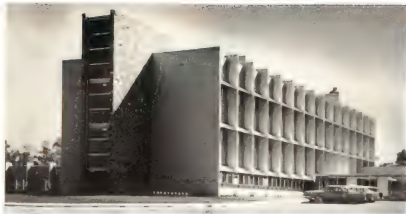
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SAN DIEGO'S GROSSMONT DISTRICT HOSPITAL  
Bill loads the gun and Chuck shoots it.

tional refining methods. Five years ago Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co., with Ford Motor Co., set up pilot operations to mine and process<sup>®</sup> jasper by a new method. Last week Cleveland-Cliffs and Inland Steel Co. announced that they will build, near Marquette, Mich., the nation's first big jasper-mining and processing project. At peak production the Marquette plants will grind some 6,000,000 tons of jasper yearly, convert it into 3,000,000 tons of walnut-sized pellets that contain 60% iron.

With the nation scraping the bottom of its high-grade iron deposits and steel capacity due to rise 60% (to 216 million tons yearly) by 1980, the development of such low-grade ores as jasper and its cousin, taconite, has become one of the fastest-growing branches of the booming steel industry. Items:

■ Reserve Mining Co., owned by Republic Steel and Armco, will have its 3,750,000-ton taconite processing project at Abbots and Silver Bay, Minn. in full production by May.

■ Erie Mining Co., jointly owned by Bethlehem, Youngstown and two smaller companies, has operated a pilot taconite plant near Aurora, Minn. since 1948. It is building a \$300 million plant that will start up in 1957; will have a 7,500,000-ton annual capacity.

■ U.S. Steel has two small Minnesota taconite plants at Mountain Iron and Virginia, Minn. that ship 500,000 tons yearly, is planning a huge new plant near by to boost annual production to more than 10 million tons.

Though processing low-grade ore costs up to \$30 per ton, the even quality of the pellets hikes blast-furnace output as much as 20%, and produces better pig iron. An even bigger advantage of low-grade iron ore is its large supply. Only five years ago steelmen were predicting that some of the nation's high-grade ore deposits would be mined out by 1970. By using its low-grade ore, the U.S. should have plenty of ore for another several hundred years.

◊ Jasper is blasted from the earth, crushed to powder, washed to rid it of some impurities, then mixed into a special oil solution that floats the fine particles of iron to the surface. They are concentrated into small pellets by centrifugation.

## BUILDING Wonder Boy Makes Good

A few days after Wonder Boy Charles Luckman was named as president of Lever Bros. in 1950, he received a cardboard tube in the mail. It contained a drawing for a monastery that Chuck Luckman had designed as his last assignment before graduating *magna cum laude* from the University of Illinois' architectural school in 1931. With the plans came a note from Los Angeles Architect William L. Pereira, an old friend and college classmate: "Chuck, for 20 years I've had my eye on this guy . . . I think he's mature enough to return to the fold. How about it?"

**Cinema & Soap.** Soap Salesman Luckman returned to the fold, started his business life over again at 40 by spending five months studying for his California architect's license. Then Luckman went into partnership with Bill Pereira, a brilliant, Jack-of-all-arts who had designed hospitals, movie studios and more than 75 Balaban & Katz theaters, produced movies (*Johnny Angel*, *From This Day Forward*), designed sets, won a 1942 Oscar for special effects in *Reap the Wild Wind*. Luckman's supersalesmanship and Pereira's flair for design soon proved a potent combination. Says one client: "Bill loads the gun and Chuck shoots it." Less than five months after they joined forces, Pereira's backer in studio design and Luckman's soap-opera experience enabled them to bag the commission for Hollywood's \$4,000,000 CBS television headquarters, the first building ever planned specifically for TV production.

Pereira and Luckman soon turned into one of the nimblest teams in U.S. architecture. In Washington, when Navy officials poked holes in their design for a naval-training center, they spent the night on the floor of their Statler Hotel room working up a new presentation, returned next morning with drawings that won the \$2,200,000 contract. The partners refused to be type cast. In quick succession, Pereira and Luckman built department stores, shopping centers, banks, designed a suburban San Diego hospital so effi-

ciently that it was operating in the black in six months. At Southern California's \$3,500,000 Marineland, they designed two huge tanks that duplicate ocean life so realistically that visitors, peering through a series of portholes at different levels, have the uncanny impression of being under the sea. At Disneyland, they built a 450-room hotel as modern as Tomorrowland.

**Campus Land.** Their swift rise has also been due to their flair for "master planning," i.e., an overall plan for multi-building projects in which they frequently coordinate the work of other architects. One of their most successful master-planning ventures was the University of California's \$23 million Santa Barbara campus. Said Luckman: "Campuses are often built building by building, as the money comes in. We have made our plans very flexible. We started planning wings so that they could stand alone. If the money ran out, nobody need know."

Pereira and Luckman landed their first, big overall master-planning job in 1951: a huge guided-missile test center at Florida's Patrick Air Force Base. After they had planned a \$35 million jet base at Palmdale, Calif. for Lockheed, North American, Northrop and Convair, Northrop awarded the partners a contract to design its new \$10 million engineering center. Pereira and Luckman's biggest master-planning job to date: overall supervision of U.S. Air Force and naval base construction in Spain (cost: \$300 million).

**"The Realities of Life."** Pereira and Luckman generally charge clients either a straight fee or a percentage of cost, ranging from 4.5% (for an air base) to 8% (for a hospital). Despite the booming business, Pereira and Luckman take out much less than the \$100,000-a-year Luckman got as president of PepsiCo. They plow back the bulk of the profits into the business. Though he is busier than ever, Luckman still finds time to serve on the boards of five Los Angeles civic groups. He wakes at 5 a.m. in the Bel Air mansion he bought from Hotelman Conrad Hilton (who recently commissioned Pereira and Luckman to design the Berlin Hilton hotel), usually has at least one hour's



Bill Early—Camera  
ARCHITECTS LUCKMAN & PEREIRA  
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The traditional high limit of speed for resistance-weld tube mills heretofore has been considered 150 fpm. But recently, Yoder undertook the formidable task of more than doubling this speed for a certain customer. The Yoder team of engineers and research men took it in their stride. Before long a new mill was born—the first of its kind to successfully produce electric weld tubing at speeds up to 350 fpm, thus breaking all records for high production and low unit cost.

Another and even more epoch-making achievement of Yoder engineers is the perfection of induction-weld mills for making non-ferrous tubing. Operating speeds approximate those of resistance-weld mills in making steel tubing. The resulting economies are especially great in making light and medium weight tubing in sizes up to 8" dia., from aluminum, copper, brass, monel, etc.

The interesting details about these and other important new Yoder developments in tube manufacture are illustrated and described in the following publications, sent free on request.

- ☐ Resistance Weld Mills for Steel Tubing up to 4" diameter.
- ☐ Induction Weld Mills for Non-ferrous Tubing.
- ☐ Resistance Weld Pipe Mills for sizes up to 24" diameter.

### THE YODER COMPANY

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work behind him when he sets out for the firm's Sunset Boulevard offices. Outwardly, Chuck Luckman has changed little since he washed Lever Bros. out of his thinning sandy hair. "The drive is still in me," says he, "though perhaps I control the momentum a little better."

Stoking the momentum at P. & L. last week was \$700 million worth of uncompleted work, ranging from IBM's new \$4,500,000 West Coast headquarters in Los Angeles to a mammoth Union Oil center, designed around a diamond-shaped office building with a heliport and four floors of underground parking for 1,500 cars. In addition, the partners last week won a contract to master-plan a long-range, \$5,000,000 remodeling program at Los Angeles' Occidental College, started work on a 100-room addition to the Disneyland hotel, and a \$40 million Los Angeles slum-clearance project. The new business brought P. & L.'s five-year contract total to well over \$1.1 billion. "I think," grinned Chuck Luckman, "we're adjusting our art to the realities of life."

## GOVERNMENT

### Curtains for a Monopoly

Of the 28 shows on Broadway, 17 are playing in Shubert-operated theaters. The Shubert chain not only controls more than half of New York's legitimate stages, but six of Boston's seven, four of Philadelphia's five, six of Chicago's seven, two of Cincinnati's three, the one house in Baltimore and the two in Detroit. Shubert also owns 20% of the United Booking Office, the only agency through which producers can arrange nationwide tours. Last week, in the final act of a six-year-long Government antitrust suit (during which Lee Shubert died), Jake Shubert gave in. He signed another of Trustbuster Stanley Barnes's growing list of consent decrees (TIME, Feb. 6), agreeing to 1) sell or lease four legitimate houses in New York and six more in other cities, 2) sell his interest in the United Booking Office.

In another consent decree last week, General Shoe Corp., second largest U.S. shoemaker in sales (after International Shoe Co.), bowed to Government charges that purchase of 18 other shoe concerns tended to create a monopoly. It promised that until Feb. 16, 1961 it would seek prior Government approval for further expansions and mergers, and buy 20% of its retail requirements from competitors. The company also agreed to sell its stock in competing concerns within the next two years.

## PERSONNEL

### Changes of the Week

¶ James M. Skinner Jr., 41, moved from television vice president to president of Philco Corp., the same job his father held from 1929-30. After attending the University of Pennsylvania ('32-'34), Skinner went into Philco as a factory expediter, rose to sales manager for accessories, headed the Philco radio-radar-



PHILCO'S SKINNER  
Like father.

electronics school during World War II, then became sales veeep for refrigerators. He succeeds James H. Carmine, who is retiring.

¶ Henry Samuel Beers, 57, moved from vice president to president of Hartford's Aetna Life affiliated Companies (second largest full-line insurance group after Travelers). He replaces Morgan B. Brainard, who becomes chairman. A Phi Beta Kappa from Trinity College (Hartford), Beers was headed for law when he was persuaded to take an actuarial exam, went to work for New York's Home Life, Aetna hired him in 1923, made him vice president in 1936 shortly after he headed the commission that wrote Connecticut's unemployment-insurance laws.

¶ Marshall S. Lachner, 41, was named president of the Pabst Brewing Co. to replace Harris Perlstein, who will continue as chairman. Born in Illinois and educated at Northwestern and Wharton School of Finance, Methodists Elder Lachner knows little about beer. But he is an old hand at selling, was with Colgate-Palmolive for 16 years, where he ended up as vice president of the keenly competitive soap division. Chief reason for the change at Pabst: it slipped from third to fourth place, behind Schlitz, Anheuser-Busch, Ballantine.

¶ Carl McFarlin Sr., 60, was named president of the 201-year-old paintmaking firm of Devco & Reynolds, one of Financier Louis Wolfson's holdings. A mining engineer, born and educated in Alabama, McFarlin managed coal mines in Tennessee, became president of Tennessee Products & Chemical Corp., which merged with Wolfson's Merritt-Chapman & Scott. His predecessor, E. W. Endter, who got the job after resigning the \$50,000-a-year presidency of the California Oil Co. to help Wolfson battle for Montgomery Ward, quit Devco & Reynolds to return to the oil business.

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

## Tough Week

It was not Drew Pearson's week. First, Columnist Pearson apologized for his recent charge (branded a "scurrilous lie" by Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty) that President Eisenhower had taken a hand in the "giveaway" of Oregon timberland to Al Sarena Mines, Inc. (TIME, Feb. 6). Next, after five expensive years of legal maneuvers, Pearson quietly dropped his \$5,100,000 damage and libel suits against Senator Joe McCarthy. Columnists Westbrook Pegler, Fulton Lewis Jr., and six others (TIME, March 12, 1951). At week's end, having thus turned both cheeks, Pearson was slapped with a \$250,000 libel suit by Oregon Democratic Politician Lew Wallace, who charged Pearson with falsely implicating him in the timberland "giveaway."

## The Beaver at Work

PERPLEXING, SINISTER, headlined London's *Daily Express* (circ. 4,097,106) last week to describe the subject of a new biography that it was excerpting in four installments. "Sometimes a devil seems to enter into him," ran one extract, "[and he exposes] his own raw resentment against the hollow parody of power that his life has become." Many a perplexed reader wondered what the devil had got into the *Express*. This unflattering portrait was none other than that of the *Express'* own boss and Britain's foxiest old (75) press lord, William Maxwell ("Max") Aitken, the first Baron Beaverbrook.

**Myth.** The biography is *Beaverbrook, A Study in Power and Frustration*. The author, Tom Driberg, ex-M.P., left-wing Laborite and onetime Beaverbrook columnist, explained the *Express*: "The book is hostile and often inaccurate, but the policy of this newspaper is to suppress nothing."

The explanation seemed to fit the widespread belief that Lord Beaverbrook's standing orders to his editors are to reprint anything uttered about him, good or bad. That is a myth which has gained credence in recent years from the Beaver's increasing appetite for reading about himself. What few *Express* readers knew was that Driberg's biography had turned "hostile" after Beaverbrook had lavished co-operation, money and high hopes on it. Nevertheless, the serialization once again showed how the Beaver, handed a lemon, can turn it into lemonade.

When Driberg informed Beaverbrook in 1954 that a London publishing house had signed him up to do the biography, the Beaver was delighted. Driberg had worked for him from 1928 to 1943, and, despite political differences, they had always hit it off. The Beaver gave him material and interviews, put him in touch with friends, introduced him frequently at luncheons and dinners as "my biographer." After Driberg had completed three chapters, Beaverbrook liked them so well that he bought the British serial rights for £5,000

(\$14,000)—a whopping purchase by London standards.

**Crafty Hand.** But after he saw a few more chapters, Beaverbrook lost his enthusiasm and, finally, his temper. He charged inaccuracies, misinterpretations and libel. "There were threats of litigation about hundreds of passages," Driberg recalls. He modified a few passages, but substantially, he declares, the book went into print as he wrote it.

What emerged in the *Express*, after editing by the Beaver's own crafty hand, was pretty tame stuff compared to Driberg's harsh portrait of a man who pursued power with "ruthlessness" and "want



TOM DRIBERG  
A lemon turned into lemonade.

of principle," only to win widespread distrust, ridicule, disapproval and bantering affection, but no real power. Beaverbrook passed up Driberg's most damaging thrusts. Samples:

¶ King George V protested and balked when Lloyd George nominated Beaverbrook for his peerage in 1916. In accepting it, Beaverbrook naively blundered away the main chance for a political career, which lies in the House of Commons.

¶ After the outbreak of World War II (in which Driberg applauds the Beaver's work as Minister of Aircraft Production), Beaverbrook urged the British public to "revolt" against proposed food rationing and scorned the need for a larger army.

¶ Beaverbrook hankered to succeed Winston Churchill in Britain's dark days of 1941 and 1942, says Driberg, and suffered such intense inner conflict between the "canker of ambition" and his genuine friendship for Churchill that, racked with psychosomatic asthma, he quit the Cabinet in the "supreme nervous crisis of his life."

Perhaps the most cutting passages that

Beaverbrook allowed into the *Express* were those reminding readers of his support of Chamberlain's appeasement policy. As late as Aug. 14, 1939, Driberg noted, the *Express* predicted that "Hitler will keep the peace this year." Beaverbrook, recalling that Driberg then worked for him, was able to drop the footnote—"Mr. Driberg in the *Daily Express*, Aug. 26, 1939: 'My tip: no war this crisis.'"

But Beaverbrook reserved his most telling comeback for the section Driberg devoted to some of the old man's endearing qualities. One of the Beaver's newsmen urgently needed £1,000, the biographer recounted. He asked Beaverbrook if he could borrow the sum and repay it out of salary. Next day the general manager summoned the journalist and told him that there was a strict office rule against such advances. "But," he added, "Lord Beaverbrook has instructed me to make you a free gift of £1,000. Here is a check." Biographer Driberg praised this act of kindness for the unidentified newsmen. Footnoted the Beaver dryly: "Mr. Driberg was the employee concerned."

## Foot in the Door

The presence of foreign reporters at a press conference would be news in few nations of the free world. But it is in Japan. There since occupation's end nearly four years ago, U.S. and other foreign newsmen have been barred from almost every important press conference, including those held by the government and by top industrialists. The door was slammed shut by the unofficial Japanese reporters' clubs—the Kisha Kurabu—which run the conferences for their own special benefit.

Last week, after a long series of protests, foreign correspondents finally got a foot in the door. For the first time since Japan regained its independence, they attended the regular press conference of the Foreign Minister, now Mamoru Shigemitsu. In addition, the government supported the Foreign Correspondents Club in its campaign for equal access to the news.

The Japanese reporters' clubs, which had long monopolized news coverage, were warned in 1946 by U.S. occupation authorities to reform, i.e., let in other newsmen, or dissolve. Instead, the Kisha Kurabu simply lay low, waited—and grew.

The clubs are so powerful that they have even tried to seal off visiting U.S. officials from U.S. correspondents. A month ago a group of American newsmen, who were waiting in the press room of Japan's Defense Board, were told that they could not attend a press conference that featured Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Defense Board Reporters' Club objected. The U.S. reporters had to argue their way in.

At week's end new and powerful voices were raised for ending the restrictions. Twenty of Japan's top newsmen called the closed door "impermissible," promised their cooperation to open it. Clubs would have to be cracked one by one, but the pressure was on.

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## Hope for Diabetics

The nation's 1,000,000 or more diabetics, often disappointed in their hopes for a pill to free them from insulin injections, heard good news last week. Doctors in 50 medical centers are trying out two drugs developed in Germany, and first reports are that they may succeed in regulating the blood sugar in about 80% of diabetes victims—mostly adults with a relatively mild and stable form of the disease.

The Upjohn Co., which is making one of the drugs under the name Orinase, circularized 200,000 U.S. doctors with a double warning: 1) it is too early to be sure how effective the pills will be; 2) they are not yet available for general prescription. But President E. Gifford Upjohn (an M.D. himself) suggested that "a breakthrough may have occurred." Western Reserve University's Dr. Max Miller hailed the drugs\* as "the most significant development in diabetes since Banting and Best discovered insulin."

Diabetes is a complex disorder in which the body cannot convert as much sugar into energy as it should because for this purpose it needs insulin, produced in the pancreas. In the diabetic, the pancreas may not produce enough insulin. Or, according to Pittsburgh University's Dr. I. Arthur Mirsky, it may produce enough, only to have it destroyed by insulinase, an enzyme made by the liver. Injections of insulin, which have prolonged and saved countless lives for 33 years, simply supply outside insulin. A more logical treatment, Dr. Mirsky thinks, would be to block the insulinase. Both the new drugs—close kin to the sulfa drugs—work by poisoning the insulinase.

Says Dr. Mirsky by way of warning "Anything which poisons one substance in the body may also poison others. Only time will tell whether these compounds can safely be taken indefinitely." But Mirsky predicted that within a couple of years, drugs taken by mouth will control diabetes safely and effectively.

## Don't-Give-a-Damn Pills

As one of Groucho Marx's writers told it: an unemployed actor was interrupted at breakfast by his wife carrying a Dagwood sandwich of unpaid bills. "What'll I do with these?" she asked. Replied the actor, with a careless toss of the head: "Tear 'em up and order some more Miltown."

Miltown, one of the two trade names for meprobamate, the latest popular tranquilizing drug, has become the fastest-selling pacifier for the frustrated and frenetic. The backlog of unfilled orders is at once the pride and despair of Wallace Laboratories in New Brunswick, N.J., makers of Miltown, and Philadelphia's

Wyeth, Inc., which calls the same drug Equanil. Hollywood is, naturally, the hottest market. A drugstore at Sunset and Gower splashed huge red letters across its window when a shipment arrived: "Yes, we have Miltown!" Most of the time, this and other drugstores are not so fortunate. Schwab's, Los Angeles' best known, has dispensed 250,000 pills (both brands) from four stores in four months, and has turned away more orders than it has filled.

**For Friends Only.** The craving for the "don't-give-a-damn" pills is not confined to Hollywood. In staid Boston the demand is as keen, but less shrill. It is the same in New York City, Washington,



Costume: Sita

"MILTOWN" BERGER  
"It's worked wonders for me."

D.C., Charlotte, N.C., and Houston, where druggists refuse to fill prescriptions for strangers, often have to limit regular customers to a dozen pills on account while they wait for an overdue shipment.

Developed by Wallace Labs' Dr. Frank M. Berger from a muscle-relaxing drug which had some incidental calming effect, meprobamate was not generally released until last summer. It was offered to doctors for treating walk-in neurotics rather than locked-in psychotics, with the assurance that it was free from the unpleasant (and sometimes dangerous) side effects of the earlier tranquilizers, chlorpromazine and reserpine.

**"No Energy, of Course."** Outside Hollywood, few users advertise the fact that they are among the pill buyers. But in the unbuttoned movie colony, Kendis Rochlen, movie columnist for the *Mirror-News*, reported: "I went from Ginger Rogers' party to José Ferrer's party to a dinner party, and everywhere they were talking about it. My husband is on it now. He used to be very nervous, really just miserable. Now he doesn't get mad as quick or

\* Orinase was originally known as U-2041. Eli Lilly & Co. is working on BZ 55, not yet commercially named.





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stay mad as long. He has no energy, of course." Says Milton Berle: "It's worked wonders for me. In fact, I'm thinking of changing my name to Milton Berle."

There is still little medical evidence as to how well the pills work. The manufacturers report customer satisfaction in two-thirds to three-fourths of cases, but there is no way of knowing how much of this is due to suggestion. One of the more convincing testimonials: Palm Springs Veterinarian Herman Salk (brother of Vaccine Maker Jonas Salk) reports that Equanil is dandy for neurotic dogs, changes them in a couple of days from biting, man-hating monsters into lovable rovers.

## Coffee Wrist

Britain's postwar coffee jag has created a new orthopedic disorder, London Surgeon A. W. Lipmann Kessel calls it "espresso wrist," explains that he has found it in operators of Italian coffee machines, who have to make several strong turning movements of the wrist for each demitasse of black brew. They get inflammation and tightening of the tendon sheaths. The cure is hydrocortisone. To avoid relapses, the coffeemaker must learn to hold his wrist straight and stiff like a barmaid's.

## Cold Vaccine? No

A score of the nation's top virus researchers put their heads together in Manhattan last week and collectively bemoaned the fact that they still can offer no preventive and no cure for the commonest of civilized man's ills, the common cold. All they could prescribe for sniffing humanity was hope.

Western Reserve University's Dr. John Dingle told the meeting, called by the Common Cold Foundation, all about the researchers' failures, then added: "However, I am confident that we will find the solution to the problem, probably within the next five years." But he dashed hopes for a common-cold vaccine. Since a cold, unlike other virus diseases, e.g., measles, yellow fever, polio, confers only the briefest immunity against reinfection, there seems little chance that an effective vaccine can be prepared. Dr. Dingle's best bet: a drug, still to be discovered, that will knock out the elusive common-cold virus.

The man who has done most in recent years to promote immunization by vaccination was constrained to agree. Said Harvard University's craggy Dr. John F. Enders, Nobel Prizewinner for work that led to the polio vaccine: "It may not be possible to prepare an effective vaccine. It seems to me, too, more likely that an anti-viral compound will be discovered."

## Mind Over Maternity

As the apostle of "natural" childbirth without fear or pain (achieved by building up the mother's confidence and training her to relax), Britain's Dr. Grantly Dick Read had long had a nagging doubt. His theory and practice had been worked out with women in societies far removed from a state of nature. What of the women closest to nature? In 1953, at 63, Dr.

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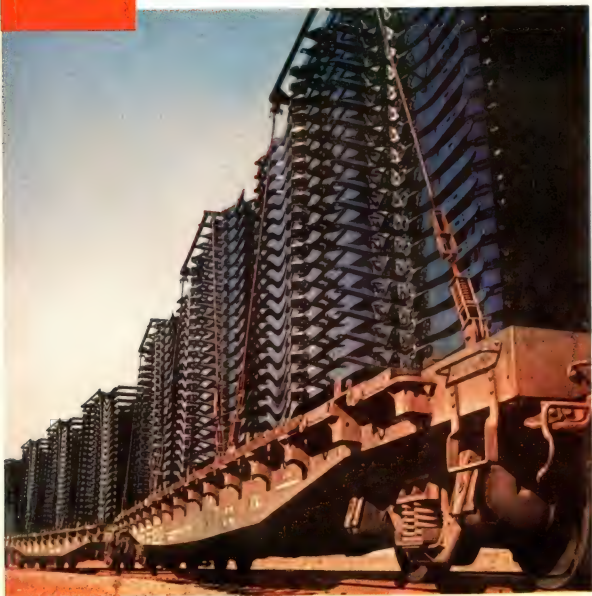
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Dick Read headed into darkest Africa to find out.

In *No Time for Fear* (Harper; \$3.50), he reports that he found what he was looking for. Among Bushmen and Basutos, Hottentots and Masai, from 95% to 98% go through childbirth like his own prize patients, with no untoward pain. Notable exceptions are women who have committed adultery: they often have long and difficult labor. Dr. Dick Read was amazed to learn of women who had been in painful labor for two or three days but who, when persuaded to confess their adultery, suddenly relaxed and "released the baby from the birth canal in a few minutes with no further trouble." These



DR. DICK READ & AFRICAN TRIBESMAN  
No white man knows the secret.

exceptions, the doctor argues, prove his rule: "Fear causes resistance to birth and that in turn causes pain. Confession removes the fear."

One mystery on which Dr. Dick Read stumbled has him baffled. In a tribe whose women are famed for their beauty the chiefs have forbidden the women to bear more than one child each. To obey, they take an herb preparation by mouth every six or eight months. What the magic contraceptive component is, no white man knows.

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Ellen and Mr. Juskalian. Its name: Courage, Inc.

Courage, Inc. was started by Dr. Camille Kereszturi Cayley, a Hungarian-born pediatrician who led an active life until, in 1952, she fell twelve feet from a porch while sawing a tree branch. In a few seconds she became paralyzed from the neck down. While learning to live with her disability at Manhattan's famed Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, she made some professional observations about other handicapped patients. Her conclusion: without help and encouragement, many would go home and just give up. She got together several patients, founded Courage, Inc. on the same principle as Alcoholics Anonymous: people can best be helped by others with the same problem.

The organization's 250 handicapped members—ranging from college professors to mechanics—take over where the



PSYCHIATRIST CAYLEY  
The crutches are in the mind.

professional staff leaves off, drawing patients into their social life, helping each other overcome mental blocks, trying to find jobs and work out transportation problems. Although most Courage members live in the New York City area, several other cities have already asked to set up chapters. Courage's President Philip Guba, 35, a corporation lawyer who caught polio in Indonesia 2½ years ago, is currently working with Courage's 21 directors to broaden the organization. Their goal: a nationwide Courage, Inc.

As for Founder Cayley, she has become a practicing psychiatrist, although still confined to a wheelchair, and at 53 is busier than ever. She now drives her own car, leads an active social life. Once the women's long-distance swimming champion of Hungary, she can still swim a three-quarter-mile-wide lake. Says she: "It's not the degree of disability that counts, but the person's attitude."

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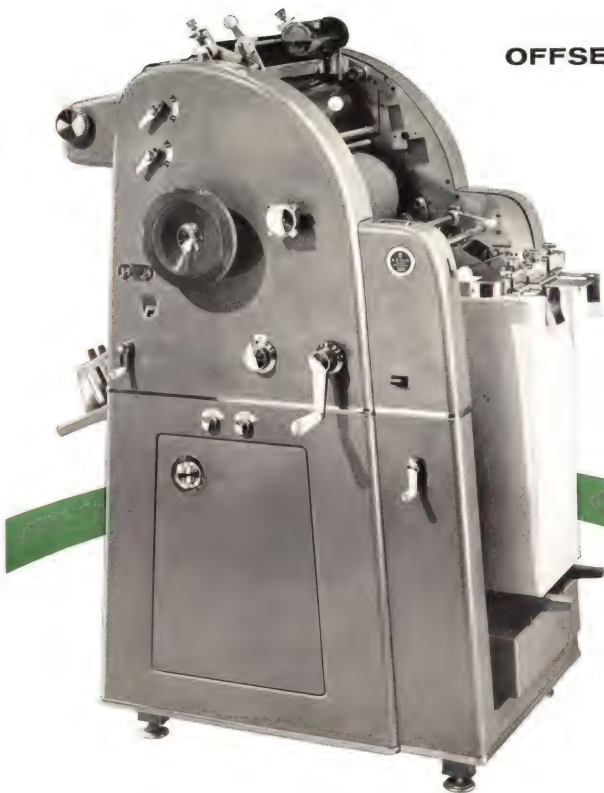


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## Mixed Fiction

*Sea-Wyf*, by J. M. Scott (255 pp.; Dutton: \$3.50), is a seavorthy adventure novel with probably the most ingeniously constructed plot in the whole castaways-on-a-raft class. The story starts with a series of cryptic messages in the agony column of a London newspaper. The key message: "Sea-Wyf: Intend to find you by publishing story of 14 weeks and Number Four, Biscuit."

These mystifying words fascinate the book's narrator, an adventure-hungry journalist who uncovers the story behind the messages. He learns about the sinking of a refugee-cramped ship out of Singapore in 1422. Four of the ship's survivors lived 14 weeks on a raft; they knew each other only by nicknames. One, "Biscuit," was an Irish bartender; another, "Bulldog," a shih type, "Number Four" was the ship's purser, a one-legged mulatto. "Sea-Wyf" (mermaid) was a handsome young woman of mystery, and much of the story concerns her saintly attempts to impose decency on the three men, although thirst, storms, submarines and rat-infested atolls worked to turn them into cowards and murderers.

In the end, to save food and water, the mulatto was left overside to swim for it. Ten years after the event, Bulldog, by now a Member of Parliament, receives a letter from the supposedly dead man threatening to expose the others as having plotted his death. Three men gather at Bulldog's castle in the Isle of Skye to

decide what to do. The novel's outcome should not be told, for suspense is the book's chief asset. But it also points a moral—clear to all castaways—that no man is fit to judge another's right to live.

*THE CAPRI LETTERS*, by Mario Soldati (312 pp.; Knopf: \$1.25), recalls that cultured characters from cold climates have always suffered a loosening of the critical faculties in the warm Latin air. Italians have repaid the compliment by making a traditional figure of fun of the visitors making love among the ruins. Americans, especially, are known as puritans who think sex is invariably wicked. In terms of this myth, Italian Movie Director and Novelist Mario Soldati has constructed a neat little bedroom tragedy.

Enter first puritan: Harry Summers, an American major, who returns to liberated Rome after World War II as an art expert for UNESCO. Enter second puritan: his wife Jane, a Roman Catholic but, as she comes from Philadelphia, a puritan nonetheless. These two kill their principles to make a Roman honeymoon—no, however, with each other. The trouble with Harry is that he can only really enjoy himself if he knows he's being wicked. In Paris, he tries "laughing Simone from Marseille, a specialist in net underwear . . . and Mamai and Lisa and Danielle and Monique." His real fate, however, is a Roman prostitute called Dorotea—an "enigmatic goddess," whose "hair quivered slightly at the roots."

What Harry doesn't know is that his

wife is quivering at her roots, too—over Aldo, a part-time actor, gigolo, spiv and, of course, a "god." Jane writes letters to Aldo in which she calls him "lord and master of my life." The attempt to recover these letters forms a plot as schematic as a shooting script.

## The Left Bank of the Wabash

*THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF THEODORE DREISER* (349 pp.)—World (\$3).

Theodore Dreiser wrote like a man with a toothache, and his work has all the painful sincerity of a groan. Few American writers of the first rank are in such a condition of neglect by literary fashion, and no other American writer of the first rank is known to have joined the Communist Party. These facts are related, though not directly.

Toward the end of his life (he died in 1945), Dreiser often seemed far gone in alcohol, and he spoke about Russia with an undergraduate's defensive truculence. "Oh, you can't beat that system . . . a whole country belonging to the people," he told an interviewer in 1941. Power and pity were his themes, and things called corporations—which in his view brutalized those who controlled them and crushed those who did not—were his enemies. All his life, says Novelist James Farrell in an introduction to these stories, "Dreiser was on a quest for 'a theory of existence.'"

What he found was a simple-minded materialism—human beings were atoms in

\* Published previously, in 1947, with an introduction by Communist Author Howard Fast.

## THE AGE OF ADAMS

JOHN AND ABIGAIL ADAMS did not just hope that their son would become President of the U.S. They raised him for the position. Watching the Battle of Bunker Hill from a distance as little John Quincy Adams held her hand, his mother could not have known that both her husband and her son would hold the highest office. But three years later, in 1778, Abigail told eleven-year-old Johnny that his embattled country might one day ask him for leadership.

In *John Quincy Adams and the Union* (Knopf: \$8.75), the second volume of his big and authoritative biography of the sixth President, Historian Samuel Flagg Bemis shows how bitter the big prize was when in 1824 it came to the son of John and Abigail at the age of 57. Running against General Andy Jackson, high-principled John Adams refused to campaign. If his countrymen wanted him, they must say so without any courting from him. Jackson beat him, but the electoral vote was close enough to throw the election into the House of Representatives. There, with an assist from Kentucky's Henry Clay, who controlled the votes of three states, Adams was elected. (His Vice President: John C. Calhoun, who kept the job under Jackson until he resigned to become U.S. Senator from South Carolina.) For John Quincy Adams, Author Bemis says, the manner of his election "was unsatisfactory to his pride."

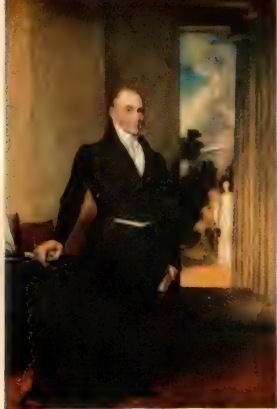
The Bemis biography tells not only of Adams, but of a crucial era in the young republic's history—and of the other great leaders whom U.S. artists captured on their canvases (see color pages). On balance, John Quincy Adams held his own among them, although he did not make his greatest contributions in the White House. With the West and South both against him, a hostile Congress kept him pinned down. But Adams could no

more keep out of political controversy than his father before him. In 1831 he was elected to the House of Representatives, the only U.S. President ever to take such a step. He was to remain there for the rest of his life, fighting against slavery and bringing to bear on every public question the Adams intelligence and high principle.

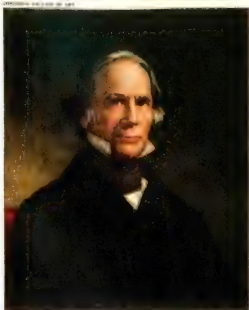
The massive Adams diary reveals a somewhat unhappy man. Of women he once wrote, "My attachment to them is not enthusiastic." Most people found him cold and personally unattractive. By his own account he liked a joke but was hopeless when he tried to make one, and in any case the matters that usually absorbed him were not to be joked about. He was never rich and often in debt. Tragedy came to him when his eldest son George ran into debt, got a young girl pregnant and finally committed suicide.

As he grew older, his mind seemed to become livelier (he came to be known as "Old Man Eloquent"), and no combination of the ailments that plagued him could keep him from his job. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "He is like one of those old cardinals, who, as quick as he is chosen Pope, throws away his crutches and his crookedness, and is as straight as a boy. He is an old roué who cannot live on slops, but must have sulphuric acid in his tea." Sulphuric he remained to the very end. In February 1848 a resolution was proposed in the House to honor the victorious generals of the Mexican War. Adams had opposed the war because he thought it an unjust one. He still thought so, and his vote now was a ringing no. It was his last word on the floor of Congress. A few minutes later he collapsed. He died next day, but he spoke like a son of John and Abigail Adams to the last: "This is the end of earth, but I am composed."





ADAMS HOUSE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY



HENRY CLAY, popular hero of "Manifest Destiny," was Adams' Secretary of State, tried for presidency three times. Henry Inman painted portrait in 1840's.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, sixth U.S. President, is shown in contemporary study by two artists. Head is by Gilbert Stuart, body by Thomas Sully.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, pictured in 1822 by Samuel F. B. Morse, sat in Capitol's

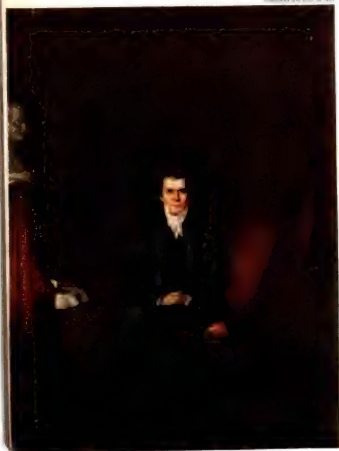
present Statuary Hall. Congressman Adams collapsed at desk here in 1848, died next day.





ANDREW JACKSON, who succeeded Adams as President, ended nullification storm in 1832 with threat to send troops into South Carolina. Jackson's head was painted by Sully as sketch for a full-length portrait.

CHRISTIAN JACOBUS DE ART



BOSTON ATRIUM



JOHN MARSHALL, fourth U.S. Chief Justice (1801-1835), was a Virginia Federalist whose bold decisions established the dignity of the Supreme Court and its power to interpret the Constitution. Portrait by Chester Harding was painted in 1830.

JOHN C. CALHOUN of South Carolina, painted at desk in 1830 by William J. Hubard, was fiery defender of states' rights against Adams and Jackson, under both of whom he served as Vice President.

a cruel and incomprehensible cosmic scheme. There was always, as he ends one story called *Free*, "the innate cruelty of life, its blazing ironic indifference." The same theme runs through other stories.

¶ *St. Columba and the River* details how a quirk of hydrodynamics blows a sand hog unharmed from a collapsing tunnel to the surface of a river. With leaden humor, Dreiser jeers at the man's belief that the saints had preserved him.

¶ *Nigger Jeff* tells with blind pity the story of a lynching, which ends with a mother's moans in a darkened cabin and the resolve of a newspaperman to "get it all in."

¶ *My Brother Paul* gives an autobiographical account of Dreiser's love for his composer-brother Paul Dresser (he changed his name), and how Dreiser came to write the opening lines for his brother's best-remembered composition, now the state song of Indiana.

*Oh the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,  
From the field there comes the breath of new-mown hay.*

¶ *The Lost Phoebe* probably comes closest to expressing the essence of Dreiser's drab vision of life. An old farmer becomes convinced that his dead wife is actually lost in the woods and wanders year after year in search of her. He is granted one happy hallucination, blunders toward the apparition, and falls to his death at the foot of a cliff.

"*Indiana Peasant*," A world revolution in taste and manners has come and gone since Dreiser wrote *Sister Carrie* in 1900. By 1916, H. L. Mencken had hailed this "Indiana peasant" as an ally in his war against sentimental fiction at the same time that he made a whole chrestomathy of Dreiser's woebegone phraseology and chaplain clichés.

Mencken's shrewd assessment suggests a clue to Dreiser's loneliness and the ursine indignation that set him on the path toward his final intellectual disaster. The man had a hankering after general ideas, but no talent for them. Dreiser had juggled with New Thought—a heresy from common sense fashionable before World War I—as well as with anti-Semitism. Yet his was the genuine voice of a man who has lost his bearings in industrial society. His sense of pity and tragedy never left him, and for men of such temperament who retain a materialist philosophy, there "lies in wait," as Whittaker Chambers testified, "the evil thing—Communism."

**Blank Sense of Pain.** Dreiser the secular tragedian lurched toward the apocalypse of revolution like a blind bear shambling to its cave. When he joined the Communist Party, he wrote William Z. Foster that it was the "logic of my life."

In a time of hope and full employment, Dreiser's philosophy of poverty is in eclipse. Few today will respect his ultimate decision, but it must be conceded that his fiction came from deep in American life. Dreiser could not hear a world in

which beloved brothers could die friendless, in which foreign aristocrats could sneer, wax rich and make wars, in which women—as in *An American Tragedy*—could be murdered because they became pregnant at socially inappropriate times.

This glum and clumsy man, who sometimes seemed to be making animal noises



THEODORE DREISER

An ursine lurch toward the apocalypse.

rather than writing prose, is still able to make the reader share his blank sense of pain. The U.S. has never been patient with its pessimists, but to square accounts with a Dreiser, mere optimism is not enough.

## Liberty Is a Lady

THE SECRET OF DEMOCRACY (258 pp.)—  
Suzanne Labin—Vanguard (\$5).

Suzanne Labin writes with a hatpin. This young (thirtyish) French political scientist impales totalitarian myths and neutralist delusions, prods lukewarm intellectuals who rarely rise to the defense of democracy, or if they do, praise it with faint damns. Author Labin has small use for so-called thinkers who don the smoked glasses of a spurious objectivity and report that they can see no difference between Western freedom and Eastern tyranny except "shades of grey." She believes that it is worth restating the great central truth, or "secret," of democracy, i.e., that it is the first, last, best and only hope of 20th century mankind.

**Hamlet or Othello?** The book is an exercise in anti-gullibility, an examination of the totalitarian sophistries about the free world which democrats have often uncritically swallowed. The prime myth of the totalitarians, Nazi-Fascist or Communist, is that they are modern, "the wave of the future." In reality, they are as age-old as tyranny. According to the Soviet Union, "an ineluctable law governs history" in their favor; yet it re-

quires nothing less than "a constant reign of terror to crush the plots that might alter its unalterable course." The secondary myths are that the totalitarians are young, strong, healthy and decisive, while the democracies are decrepit, dilatory, corrupt and weak. In one sense, the totalitarians are young. The average life expectancy in the U.S.S.R. appears to be about 30 years, the same as it was in the Middle Ages. Starvation, slave camps and the liquidation squads keep ripe old age rare. For the rest, the young are the dictator's ideal dupes with their "excess of energy," their "lack of attachments, their impulse toward sacrifice, their ignorance." They become the zealots; the majority of SS men who ran Buchenwald in 1933 were between the ages of 17 and 20.

Does debate weaken democracy? On the contrary, argues Author Labin, the rigor of the dogmatic one-opinion police state leads only to *rigor mortis*. "To believe that music must bring forth Leninistic harmonies, that physics must be de-Semitized . . . non-Aryans sterilized, the kulaks exterminated; to believe all this, even unanimously—above all unanimously—must lead a people to catastrophe . . . *Hamlet* is frequently cited as an example of the tragedy caused by *thought* not followed by *action*, but, as Bertrand Russell judiciously observes, the totalitarians ought rather to meditate upon the fate of Othello, on the disasters provoked by *action* not preceded by *thought*."

**10 Million to 2.** How do the totalitarian regimes camouflage the rank odor of their crimes? By using the deodorant of the false analogy. Have two Negroes been lynched in the U.S. in the last five years? The Soviet Union says, in effect, "You are not qualified to condemn you to million murders, for you have two Negroes on your conscience. Clean up your own backyard first." In their sham elections, rubber-stamp assemblies, and raids on the word democracy, the totalitarian regimes pay the false but grudging tribute that vice gives to virtue. Always unstable, says Author Labin, totalitarian regimes will be swept on into Trotsky's famous "dustbin of history." Adaptable, realistic, vigorous, the democracies can preserve the dignity, freedom and future of man—if they remain vigilant.

Few of the things Author Labin has to say will strike American readers as new, but they are said with rare feminine eloquence. Above all, it is remarkable and refreshing—although not typical—to hear them said in present-day France. The book is a heartening reminder that liberty used to be a lady, and French.

## Great Man's Trial Run

JEAN SANTEUIL (744 pp.)—Marcel Proust—Simon & Schuster (\$5.95).

Of all literary games, few are more exacting than Proustianism. Questions of who really wrote Shakespeare or what Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* means are of no interest to the devout Proustman, who spends his life, like a woodpecker on a forest giant, working his way up and down



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the Master's monolithic novel, *Remembrance of Things Past*. As the Proustman has more than a million words and hundreds of characters to examine, he has had reason to be thankful that the Master left but a single major tome behind.

Abruptly, the situation has changed. Some years ago a French graduate student named Bernard de Fallois told Proustman André Maurois that he was planning a thesis on Proust. De Fallois, with Maurois' help, got permission from Marcel Proust's niece to explore the Master's belongings. Seventy notebooks and "several boxes of torn and detached pages" fell into De Fallois' hands, and he managed to piece together a novel "the existence of which nobody had so much as suspected." *Jean Santeuil*, written between 1896 and 1900, now appears in English translation for the first time—to the stately booming of literary big shots and the high salutations of Proustian lifers.

**With Cork on the Walls.** "I talk about my book as though I were never to write another," Proust wrote when he was working on *Jean Santeuil*. In a way, Proust was right. *Jean Santeuil* is primarily the trial run of *Remembrance of Things Past*. In it can be seen the fascinating spectacle of the great man growing in embryo—groping in the dark, exerting limbs that are still too frail to be usable, making movements that are uncertain and uncontrolled. Twenty years were to pass before Proust brought these beginnings to maturity (he died in 1922, before the last of *Remembrance* was published).

*Remembrance of Things Past* is just what its title suggests—a backward search through sessions of sweet, silent thought into the memories of a lifetime. Like Joyce's *Ulysses*, it came into being when notions regarding the womb, the trauma, the unconscious were casting something like a dream-spell upon rational thinkers. Like *Ulysses* in this respect, *Remembrance* reads like a never-ending dream. But just as *Ulysses* manages also to portray the life and times of Joyce's Dublin, so *Remembrance* seems to many the greatest portrayal ever made of Proust's turn-of-the-century France.

*Jean Santeuil* has no such stature. The Master is young, shy, afraid. As in *Remembrance*, Proust starts his novel with the hero's memories of having to go to bed as a boy—"the wretched candle must be put out and he lie there... abandoned... to the horrible, the shapeless suffering which, little by little, would grow as vast as solitude." But Proust, with youthful naiveté, tried to protect his own thin skin and his mother's feelings by pretending that he was not writing autobiography. In an introduction to *Jean Santeuil*, he declared the book to be the posthumous work of a novelist named "C," and a faithful record of C's personal experiences.

This fabricated introduction is one of the book's most revealing sections. It is a young writer's dream of what a great novelist should be. C. is a tough but highly sensitive man who has a wonderful way with women and feels at home everywhere. He frolics when it suits him with



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dukes and princesses, but he is happiest in the company of fishermen and peasants. He has all life at his fingertips and himself under near perfect discipline. C., in fact, is the exact opposite of what the great novelist usually is. He is the typical creation of a hypersensitive, ailing recluse who lined the walls of his room with cork to keep out the din of the world.

**With Pebbles in the Mouth.** The book describes Hero Jean's childhood, school-days, first love, adolescence, and first explorations of French society and fashion. It includes long, disconnected sections about city and country life, the inexorable flow of time, shattered love, social scandal (the Dreyfus Affair). Again and again, like "a short passage on the violin," says Maurois in his introduction, themes appear which in *Remembrance* will be developed on a symphonic scale. Characters make their first shy bows, mere ghosts

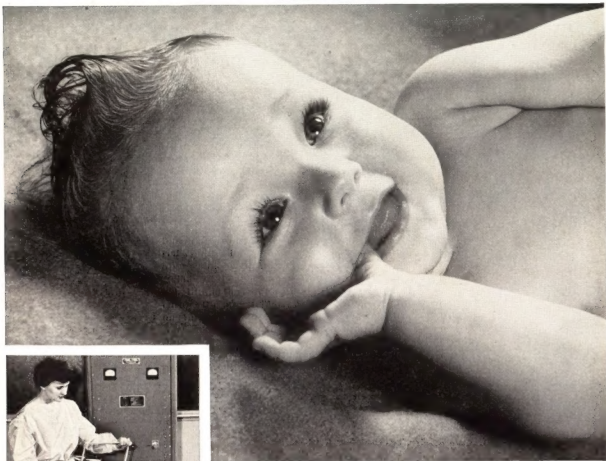


MARCEL PROUST

A slow bus ride toward Sodom.

of what they will become. Many of *Remembrance's* greatest characters never appear at all; many of *Jean Santeuil's* will never appear again. Absent, too, as Maurois says, are the master themes of the later works, i.e., "the metamorphosis of a weak and nervous child into an artist . . . the decision to write in the first person, and the courage to plunge into the sulphurous abyss of Sodom" (the homosexual side of French life).

Proust loved the long, winding sentence weaving its way like a slow bus in and out of commas and semicolons; incessantly pausing to set down and pick up, and in the end, almost miraculously, reaching its distant terminus. This method, the very essence of Proust's view of time and memory, gets its early trials in *Jean Santeuil*, and the trials are more touching than impressive. They are the muttering of struggling young genius, practicing with a mouthful of pebbles for the grand oratory that is yet to come.



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**Brand Name.** In New Haven, Conn., Yale Graduate Student Edmund D. Looney petitioned the superior court for permission to change his name, claimed that it might interfere with the practice of his future profession—psychiatry.

**Chef's Special.** In Taipei, Formosa, after 40 soldiers came down with food poisoning, a Chinese Nationalist army spokesman apologized to the troops, explained that instead of flour, a cook had mistakenly used insecticide.

**Fringe Benefits.** In Miami, asked by police, after his arrest, why he remained in the field when he complained of the ups and downs of 55 years of pickpocketing, Noah Berris replied thoughtfully: "Well, I like the hours."

**The Lively Arts.** In Tokyo, Commercial Artist Shigenari Niwa was arrested on charges of counterfeiting more than 2,000 thousand-yen (\$2.78) notes, explained that he had designed them for a scene in a film, added sadly: "They were so good, it seemed a shame to waste them on a movie."

**The Cure.** In Victoria, B.C., Norris Harwood was fined \$35 for careless driving after he took his car out at 4 a.m. to end an attack of insomnia, smashed into a parked truck when he fell asleep at the wheel.

**Morning Line.** In Boston, William L. Coilty and Ralph K. Stuart each filed suit for \$5,000 against the New Haven Railroad, charged that they suffered "mental anguish, constant anxiety and financial loss" when the Narragansett Special arrived too late for them to bet the daily double at the track.

**Ham.** In Toledo, nabbed after an hour's chase over snow-covered streets, William R. Robinson confessed that he had just robbed the Hillcrest Hotel for the second time because "it was so easy the last time," told the cops that he had come back to Toledo from Michigan to "read my press notices at the library."

**Earthly Instrument.** In Aiken, S.C., police looked for the thief who broke into The Church of God, stole twelve folding chairs, a Sunday-school bell, a blackboard, an oil heater and several hymnals, left a note: "To Whom It May Concern: The chairs and items are not taken without just cause, but were taken as a loan and will be returned soon. This is the will of God."

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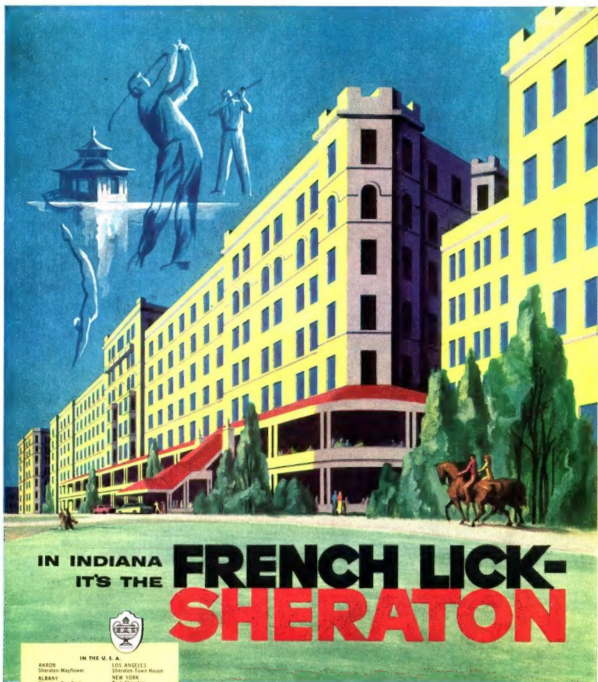
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